SEN. CLAUDE PEPPER, CHARLES CHAPLIN, ARTHUR U. POPE
ANSWER OUR SIX QUESTIONS ON USA-USSR RELATIONS

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SOVIET CULTURE GOES TO WAR

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SPECIAL ISSUE
★
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
OF THE
USSR

THE COMMON MAN: TWENTY-FIVE YEAR

by **ISIDOR SCHNEIDE**

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LETTER TO

DEAR Russian Comrades-in-arms:

In every part of our country we Americans are saying happy birthday to you, to the great Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. In England, China, India, Australia, in the countries of Latin America, on the deserts of Africa, in the darkness of conquered Europe, hundreds of millions are saying—out loud or in their hearts—happy birthday to the heroic men and women and the government of Russia. This is your Fourth of July. And this twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of your republic is a bond among peoples and a shining weapon in the fight of the free world against the slave world.

On this occasion the American people are joining in a great Congress of American-Soviet Friendship that is being held this weekend in New York. At this congress citizens from all walks of life are demonstrating our national determination to march side by side with you in war and in peace. The United States and the USSR, the two greatest powers in the world, must together bear the major responsibility for leading mankind to a new future. And it is fortunate that between our two peoples, separated in space by so many thousands of miles, there should be so many old and new ties of friendship. The fact is that though in recent years efforts were made to turn us against each other, our own fundamental interests have always—and today more than ever—moved us toward cooperation rather than conflict. The long history of American-Russian relations, from 1809, when John Quincy Adams journeyed to St. Petersburg as our first ambassador, down to 1918, shows that our country had fewer clashes with Russia than with any other great power. And in our Civil War Russia gave us positive aid when she sent her fleet into New York and San Francisco harbors as a warning to reactionary interests in Britain who sought to intervene actively in behalf of the Confederacy. It was a sober estimate of the true interests of both our countries that caused a conservative commentator, Walter Lippmann, to write in his column on June 6: "Russia —be it czarist or Soviet—is and always has been the natural ally of the United States."

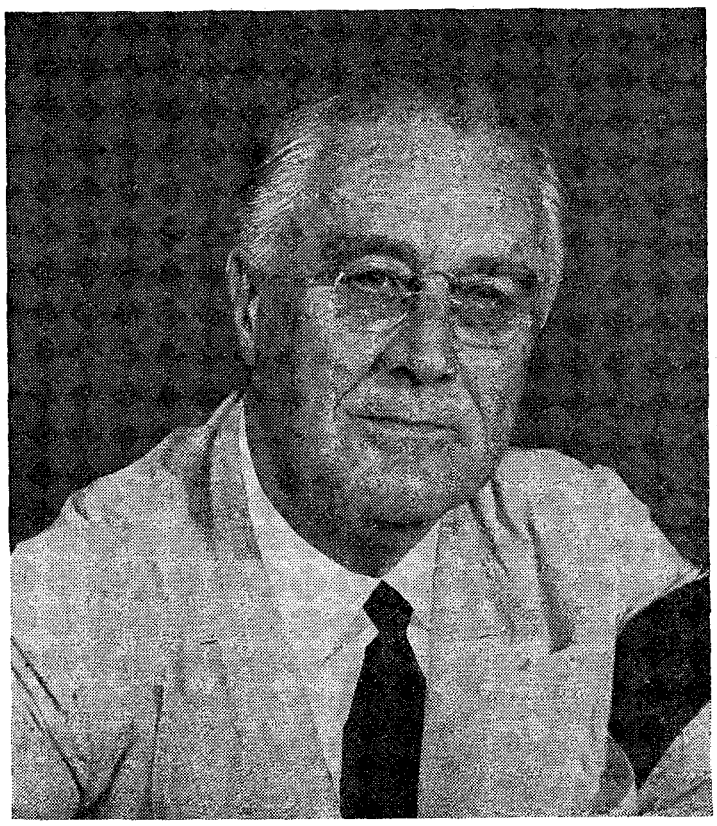
Then, too, many things have happened in the life and culture of your country in the past twenty-five years that have made us feel close to you. We like your fresh, unhackneyed pioneer spirit, so much like our own. We like your toughness and youth, your new young leaders like Lieutenant Pavlichenko. We like your surge toward industrialization, and in that respect you have learned many things from us. (Wasn't it your great leader, Stalin, who once wrote in an essay on style in public work that it consists of "revolutionary zeal, inspired by the Russian spirit, and businesslike practicality, inspired by the American spirit"?)

IT IS true that our government and our molders of public opinion have in these twenty-five years not always understood where our true interests lie with respect to Russia. It was precisely when your country freed itself from a barbarous autocracy and for the first time established a people's government that our own government broke off relations with it. The long period of non-recognition and hostility was fortunately ended when President Roosevelt came into office. The years that followed, though outwardly friendly, failed to achieve that close collaboration which could have halted fascist aggression before it really got started. Then with the outbreak of war came a strange interlude, a diplomatic nightmare in which the Soviet Union was once more treated like a pariah, and articles and books flooded the market with all sorts of fabrications about the Soviet system—from all of which only Hitler and the Japanese profited.

But why dwell on the mistakes of the past? Today we are allies, our two peoples and governments closer than they have ever been. The fact is that in greeting you on this anniversary many Americans feel a certain sense of shame—not so much because of the past, but because of the present. For almost a year and a half we of the free world have lived on the blood of Russia. For almost a year and a half your sons have fought and died in defense not only of your own soil, but of ours and of England's—in defense of the soil and liberties of every country that still stands unbowed and unconquered. It is thanks to 5,000,000 Russian dead and wounded and thanks to 5,000,000 Chinese dead and wounded that 130,000,000 Americans are able to live and work in freedom.

But most of us are beginning to understand that we cannot borrow blood from you and from the Chinese forever, that in this world of raging fascism no nation can buy its security at bargain prices. We are beginning to understand that we too must fight as you are fighting—we and our British allies in the west of Europe and you in the east—if America is to be something more than the name of a once-great land that succumbed to the fascist onslaught.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago you marched into the future and only a handful of advanced spirits in other countries understood you and believed in you. Today your friends are numberless, millions in all countries acclaim you and give you their support. This and the emergence of the alliance of the United States, Russia, Britain, and China, drawing round them all other anti-Axis nations, constitute the greatest political and moral defeat that Hitler and Hitlerism have suffered since they first came into power nearly ten years ago. For Hitler's whole strategy was based on exploiting the fears and prejudices of the capitalist countries in order to isolate you from them and so destroy you both. Today that strategy is playing its last desperate card; if Hitler, working through his agents and dupes in the democratic countries, counting on defensive-mindedness and conflict among the Allies, is able to prevent the realization of the full military implications of the American-Russian-British-Chinese alliance by blocking—



President Franklin D. Roosevelt

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AN ALLY

or postponing until too late—the opening of a second front in western Europe, he can yet turn defeat into victory. The question which is still undecided is whether we of America and Britain, even at this late hour, even with our lives and future at stake, will stand by while the greatest catastrophe of all descends upon us. It is a moment of terrible decision; every consideration of patriotism and self-interest, every hope of durable peace and a decent world urge us on to strike now.

Why, then, you ask, is it still so quiet in the west, why after a year and a half do America and Britain still hesitate to hurl themselves at the Nazi beast? For you who live with death daily, life has only one meaning now: to destroy your enemy and ours. That unity and singleness of purpose which your socialist society has forged in you sweeps aside all casuistry and makes the logic of this war simple and clear. A promise to open a Western Front in 1942 is a promise to open a Western Front in 1942. A war of coalition is a war waged by all partners together, not a war waged singly till each is exhausted. This is common sense, and it appeals to the plain people everywhere even if it doesn't to certain military experts.

Perhaps, remembering the past, you are inclined to grow suspicious. It is true that there are people in our country and in Britain who are against the second front because they are for Hitler and Japan. Or at any rate, they would rather be vassals of Hitler and Tojo than allies of Russia. You had such people in your own country at one time, men like Trotsky, Bukharin, Zinoviev—the fascist fifth column. Your government was wiser than ours: it dealt with those traitors as our own founding fathers would have dealt with Benedict Arnold had they been able to lay hands on him. Yet in our country, as well as in Britain, fifth columnists and appeasers, the Coughlins, Hearsts, McCormicks, Pattersons, Fishes, and Dies', still enjoy positions of influence.

Only the other day one of that breed spoke up with unaccustomed frankness. On the very night that an outstanding American patriot, Wendell Willkie, was again urging a second front, Hugh Gibson, former ambassador to Belgium, told an audience that a second front was not necessary for the defeat of Germany. He declared that such factors as "attrition and the various stresses and strains" within the Reich would do the job and obviate the necessity of a land invasion. He went on to make clear what he had in mind when he pointed to the German generals as the real opposition to Hitlerism. "When victory becomes sufficiently remote," he said, "the army leaders will take Hitler into protective custody." It is clear that Gibson is opposed to the total defeat of Germany, opposed to the destruction of the German military machine and the Nazi regime. At best he wants to do business with a fascist military clique that will represent only a minor shifting of the personalities in control. And he advocates these policies even though they are certain to mean the doom not only of your country and Britain, but of the United States.

Premier Joseph Stalin

Now Gibson may be of no great consequence. But he is closely associated with a person of very great consequence, Herbert Hoover, with whom he collaborated in writing a widely publicized book, *The Problems of Lasting Peace*. You will no doubt remember Hoover as the man who organized aid to Mannerheim Finland, but opposed aid to Nazi-invaded Russia. Though this ex-President of the United States has held no public office for nearly ten years, he is today the dominant force in the Republican Party. It is the influence, direct and indirect, of such people as Hoover and his counterparts in Britain that is the primary factor in preventing the opening of a second front and the unfolding of a true coalition strategy in accordance with the agreements made with your Foreign Commissar Molotov.

BUT despite the machinations of the defeatists, despite the confusion spread by such newspapers as the New York *Times,* whose anti-Soviet prejudices frequently warp its outlook, despite the efforts of certain "experts" to discover a second front in Africa, in the Pacific, in every part of the globe but the one place where it must be established, our people are learning, they are gathering around President Roosevelt, the forces of victory are growing stronger each day. The American people have never been accustomed to letting others fight their battles for them. We have never been afflicted with weakness or lack of self-confidence. In our War of Independence and in the Civil War the poison of fifth columnism and appeasement sought to paralyze us, but we threw them off and became masters of our own destiny. And in this war our boys have proved their mettle in Bataan and in the Solomons.

Your fighting spirit is something we understand, something that is part of ourselves. Increasingly our people are impatient to get at the enemy, to cross the Channel and end this bloody business as quickly as possible. And the trade unions especially are beginning to take leadership in the fight for a second front. President Roosevelt speaks for the American people when he says: "The power of Germany must be broken on the battlefields of Europe." Wendell Willkie speaks for them when he calls for a second front, for action to relieve China, and for a new deal for India and other colonial nations. Earl Browder, who was the first of our political leaders to urge collaboration with the Soviet Union, speaks for the people when he warns against delay in breaking into western Europe while the bulk of Hitler's forces are engaged in the East.

So hold the fort, dear brothers and sisters of Soviet Russia, for we are coming. Stalin rightly called for the fulfillment of obligations. But they are obligations not only to you, but to ourselves, to our own country, our own future. We pledge you and pledge ourselves that we shall not rest till the West thunders with deeds that shall join with yours to wipe the fascist wild beast from the earth and bring a new birth of freedom to mankind.

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"TOGETHER IN WAR AND IN PEACE"

Answers to six questions on Soviet-American relations.

We are happy to publish, on this special occasion, the answers to a series of six questions concerning American-Soviet relations, which we asked three typical leaders in various fields whose names are known to millions in this country. Although we do not agree with all they say, we believe their desire to strengthen American-Soviet relations is representative of the overwhelming will of our people.

What measures would you suggest to assure maximum collaboration between the United States and the Soviet Union?

MR. CHAPLIN: To assure maximum collaboration between America and Russia, I would make one suggestion, among others which might help, and that is that those British and American politicians and journalists who are anti-Communists refrain from anti-Communistic propaganda, for at least the duration of the war; that they cease calling American liberals who wish to benefit the working classes American Communists for at least the duration of the war. As there is no difference between the principles of American and Russian Communism, an attack on American Communism confuses the mind of the American public and is a reflection on the Russian people, who are Communists and who are fighting and dying more than any other people for the American way of life.

SEN. PEPPER: That is essentially a technical problem, which has to be decided by the technical heads of the two governments. I favor everything possible being done to add strength to the heroic resistance of the Russians, because I believe the issue of the war depends upon the campaign in Russia. Surely there should be the most intimate collaboration between the civil and military heads of the two governments and there should be no possible doubt of our determination to give until it hurts to Russia. They deserve it. It is our own best defense.

MR. POPE: Continued effort to enlighten public opinion; specific identification of those forces and personalities in the government that are hostile or indifferent to Russia's interests and Russia's contribution.

Sen. Claude Pepper, member of Senate Foreign Relations Committee

What in your opinion is the best immediate aid we can give Russia and what is the best immediate aid Russia can give us?

MR. CHAPLIN: The best aid we can give Russia and at the same time give ourselves is to open a second front, now, while Russia is so desperately in need of it—and that we fulfill our obligations to her at all costs. To help her now would create in the minds of every Russian confidence in the integrity of her allies and would lay a moral foundation for the peace to come.

The best aid Russia can give us is to continue her fighting against the Nazis and continue to hold Stalingrad.

SEN. PEPPER: This, too, is a technical question which must be answered by the technical authorities. Air assistance, I would say, is the most effective immediate aid we can give Russia. The best aid they can give us is their continued gallant resistance.

MR. POPE: Increase allotment of supplies; more contribution to war relief; the opening of the kind of diversion on the Western Front that will distract German forces and put a new strain on the Germans' transportation system. . . . The best immediate aid Russia can give us is to continue to hold out and to be ready to cooperate in an offensive against Japan as soon as the Germans are thoroughly repelled.

What do you think we can learn from Russia in our war against the Axis?

SEN. PEPPER: A great deal. Russia's unity and the fervor of her fight and the clear-headed view which is always indicated about the vital issues

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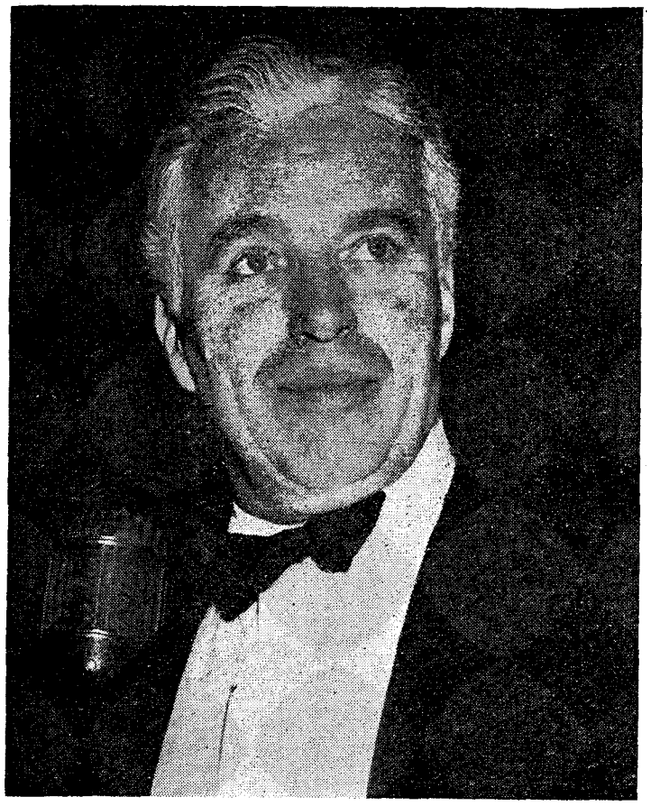

Charles Chaplin

Arthur Upham Pope, chairman, Committee for National Morale

involved in this contest, the way she has thrown her whole heart and strength into the fight, are examples by which we can immeasurably profit.

MR. POPE: The wholehearted, enthusiastic, and knowing cooperation of the entire population; the necessity of absolute realism and the inestimable value of a common ideal that promises to all a more adequate life.

What is your estimate of Soviet leadership?

MR. CHAPLIN: The quality of Soviet leadership is demonstrated by their actions on the firing line, by the honesty and directness of Russia's great leader, Stalin.

SEN. PEPPER: Magnificent!

MR. POPE: Despite certain confusions and ineptness in the past, Soviet leadership is first class all the way down the line, revealing everywhere the qualities of realism and decisiveness of purpose which are the indispensables of leadership.

What steps would you suggest to promote greater understanding between the American and Soviet peoples of each other's history, achievements and culture?

MR. CHAPLIN: The promotion of greater understanding between the American and Soviet people is a difficult problem to solve, although it has been an easier problem since the war. Actions speak louder than words. But in my estimation, it should come from the heart because its tempo is universal. In making propaganda we should reach the mind through the heart. Love and compassion unites us all.

SEN. PEPPER: By breaking down the walls of suspicion and distrust which divide us, and forming an earnest and honest desire to know and to respect each other and to be real friends.

MR. POPE: More study of the history, accomplishments, and character of both, utilizing all the instruments available for public adult education.

How do you view the question of postwar collaboration between the United States and Russia?

MR. CHAPLIN: Postwar collaboration will be as great a task as winning the war. But if we prepare along the lines of the Four Freedoms, with an honesty and a determination to make them a fact for all the peoples of the earth, then we will have won the peace as well as the war.

SEN. PEPPER: No two nations will have a larger opportunity and a greater responsibility to determine the character of the postwar world than Russia and the United States. The two great nations must stand together in peace as they have in war, if the fruits of the costly victory we shall eventually gain are not to be squandered. I hope that we shall establish during the war such intimacy of contact, such confidence, respect, and affection among our peoples, that we will already, by the time the peace comes, be partners so closely yoked that our pulling together in the period of reconstruction will be a matter of course.

MR. POPE: They are mutually complementary; there is no essential conflict between them; but America must make comparable effort and sacrifice to carry equal weight in the councils of the nations after the war. Neither cash, potential resources, nor self-esteem are sufficient qualifications for leadership in the postwar world. It is a role that has to be earned.

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THE COMMON MAN: 25 YEARS

The basis and incentives of Soviet life. Why Russia could achieve that unity which has baffled its enemy. Isidor Schneider, who spent two years there, tells the story.

THE basis of Soviet leadership is in conditions of life so different from what has hitherto been known that a consideration of the differences is essential to an understanding.

We may begin with the major difference, the collective character of Soviet society. In the Soviet Union, for the first time, the acknowledgment of the interdependence of people is unlimited. It is treated as the primary factor in social relations and used as the principle of the new economic, cultural, and political structures. In previous social systems the acknowledgment of human interdependence has been comparatively limited, opposition of interests being accorded a high status, and the pursuit of self-interest regarded as moral and normal.

From the new Soviet social relations have arisen new social attitudes. Two are important to this study, one the attitude to people in the mass, the other the attitude to people as individuals.

In the Soviet Union there is no "canaille," no "human herd," no "hydra-headed monster, the mob," not even the "crowd man" or the "crowd mind" of bourgeois psychologists. In the Soviet Union it is not taken as axiomatic that, when many people get together, their intelligence and humanity quotients sink to their lowest common denominator, that there is a reversion to the primitive and to the destructiveness characteristic of the primitive when let loose on a civilized scene.

NEITHER are there, in the Soviet Union, demagogic concepts of leadership which go with such concepts of the masses. This is one of the reasons why Americans and Europeans have found Soviet political life colorless. In the very massing of numbers in the Soviet Union there is felt to be an access of beneficent strength and creativeness. Of this, Soviet history is crowded with examples. For instance, in dry Central Asia there was a mass movement of collective farmers and herdsmen for volunteer irrigation and road work. Contrast with this the more customary news from other arid areas of the world, of "mobs" of herdsmen raiding the irrigation ditches of farmers. Still more conspicuously, in the present war, the masses have shown remarkable initiative and capacity for self-organization, self-discipline, and creative work.

Toward the individual, Soviet society shows a similarly positive attitude. The Soviet assumption is that all individuals except the disabled, the insane, and the criminal, most of whom it expects and seeks to rehabilitate, have contributions of value to make. Therefore, Soviet society assumes full responsibility for the physical welfare of the individual. It provides him with work, with medical care, and with sustenance during disability and old age. It also undertakes exceptional responsibilities for his cultural life, not only in the provision of education but in the availability of theaters, films, music, books, the plastic arts, and physical culture, and unique facilities for training and opportunities for careers in each of these fields.

So great has been the progress in this direction ("the fundamental principle of Communism is the full and free development of the individual"—Marx) that Soviet society in its next five-year plan was prepared to raise its average citizen, worker and farmer, man and woman, to the intellectual level of the professional, of the doctor, engineer, teacher, etc. No previous system had aspired to such a standard of self-fulfillment for its citizens. The war has interrupted the measures by which this was to be achieved. But observers feel that the average Soviet citizen is well advanced toward this goal.

THE responsibilities of the individual to the community are equally comprehensive and are willingly met. The collaborative spirit of the collective Soviet society appears to be an effective "moral equivalent" (William James) for conflicts, for individual and business competition, and economic and sectional opposition of interests that have previously characterized social relations.

The differences show in sharp contrast, in such expressions as the recent editorial in the *Saturday Evening Post,* reprinted in a full page by the Scripps-Howard papers; and in the full-page advertisements with a similar content, inserted by a New England publisher; and in newspaper columns, radio talks, editorials, and even speeches in Congress. In them our social security program, our most advanced codified expression of the responsibility of society to the individual, is labeled a "charity."

As limited and reluctant is the implied responsibility of the individual to society. These expressions, sometimes making almost open threats of sabotage, serve notice that incentives to services to the country, even in the war emergency, would disappear for the management group in American industry, under a $25,000 a year income ceiling.

At the same time demagogues in the South play upon the supposed self-interest of the whites, also placing it in conflict with the national interest; and demagogues like the shady Gerald L. K. Smith seek to turn the self-interest of disgruntled car-users against the national interest.

The forces that maintain the sanctity of such interests are the same forces that promoted misunderstanding of the Soviet Union where such "interests" are unthinkable. In this deliberately cultivated misunderstanding the Soviet people, as individuals, were presumed to be will-less and resourceless and malcontent. With such presumably rotten bricks in its walls, the Soviet structure was held to be ready to collapse at the first strong blow.

Events, however, have revealed a cohesiveness on the part of Soviet society unprecedented in history; and on the part of the Soviet people *as individuals,* a resoluteness, self-discipline, and resourcefulness equally unprecedented. It is now clear that the collective structure gives both to the community and to the individual new range and strength, and the leadership developed in it is of high quality.

I have stressed the interrelation between the individual and society because the scope and character of leadership in a social group is determined by such relations. I have tried to show that the collaborative forms of Soviet society have constituted an effective moral equivalent for social conflicts hitherto regarded as regrettable necessities of a social order. The question remains: Are there also moral equivalents for the egotistic urges and satisfactions of power which in previous social systems have sometimes driven leaders into despotism or adventurism?

TO SPEAK first of Soviet society as a pool of leadership: In previous systems the pool was narrowed by social, economic, sexual, racial, and other limitations. In the Soviet Union the pool is as large as society itself.

By a number of *liberating* measures previous limits were removed. Before the revolution, leadership had been largely confined within a close circle of aristocrats whose way of life restricted their experience and education and thereby their capacity for leadership. By the dropping of class bars the workers and peasants, that is, the vast majority of the people, were brought into the pool.

The dropping of sex discrimination brought in women—half the population. Today women are directors of railroads, women are ship captains, deputies to the Supreme Soviet, heads of Soviets; women are industrial executives, directors of scientific institutes, collective farm managers, Red Army commanders, etc.

The elimination of racial bias has brought in millions of formerly oppressed, formerly subject nationalities, Ukrainians, Georgians, Jews, the peoples of Central Asia, of the primitive North, of the Mongol East. Their contribution of leaders has been impressive. The Soviet top leadership itself is an example. Stalin is Georgian, Molotov Russian, Mikoyan Armenian, Timoshenko Ukrainian, Kaganovich a Jew.

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The *liberating* measures were followed by *implementing* measures. The freed peasants would have been able to do little with their freedom had they been left illiterate, had the insanitation of their way of life continued, had their cultural and economic opportunities remained low. Russia's liberated women would have progressed little had no nurseries been built and maternity and other care provided to enable them to participate without prejudicing their motherhood functions. And the nationalities liberated from oppression and bias would have remained under disadvantages had there not been special cultural provisions and special industrial developments to make up for previous lags.

ALL this was done. Illiteracy was virtually stamped out. A vast health program turned what had been a country of endemic plagues into one of the world's healthiest. Soviet maternity provisions are well known. Soviet economic development replaced chronic unemployment with a chronic labor shortage. To these general advantages are added special incentives and aids to the gifted and enterprising.

Thus, in Soviet society, leadership opportunity is not only unlimited but lives in an atmosphere of friendliness and is helped on by material aids. If we bear in mind that *in other societies leadership begins either in* the alienation of class superiority or in a struggle against economic odds which fosters anti-social attitudes, we can see how, for the leaders in a collective society, there may be moral equivalents for love of power.

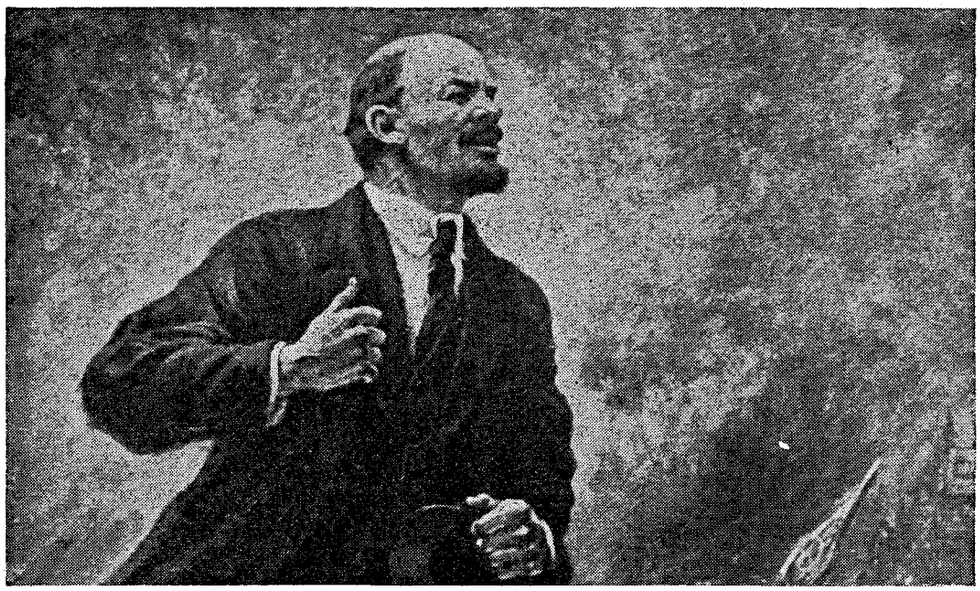
Soviet leadership is young. Industrial executives, government officials, army leaders are young. This has been reported by so many observers that no one questions it.

However, there have been explanations that raise other questions, that throw doubt on the prospects of Soviet leadership remaining young. The commonest of these question-raising explanations is that the events of and after the revolution removed so much of the older reserves of leadership that the nation was compelled to turn to its youth.

The fact is that, had every old blunderer or saboteur or innocent victim been kept in his post, Soviet leadership would still be young. The immense Soviet developments made demands for leadership in all fields far beyond the numbers and fitness of the existing leadership cadres. The young who showed promise, and who could be trained, provided the new people. Inevitably the turnover, in the early days, was large.

It is a characteristic of shrinking societies that their leadership is old. It is a characteristic of expanding societies that their leadership is young.

Good reasons could be given for the belief that the Soviet society, because of its collective structure, will always be an expanding society. However, we need not go beyond the calculable future. In the confidence that its collective strength has given it, Soviet society has projected such vast undertakings as to make it, for as long as one may look ahead,



Vladimir Lenin, first Premier of the Soviet Union

an expanding society. Thus Soviet society may, for its foreseeable future, count upon the invigorating character that young leadership provides.

Now let us consider the question of incentives.

In war men in all societies are expected to submerge their individual interests in the common interest and to be ready to sacrifice their lives for it. In peace also people make sacrifices for love, for family, for friends, and on a higher level, for art, for science, for ideas of justice, for concepts of honor and glory, for ideals of public service, for things beyond and generally in conflict with their personal interest. The tendency is so strong that it sometimes goes to the pathological extreme called "martyr complex." It is so strong that some psychologists hold that people more often act against than in their own interests. It is so strong that self-interested acts, especially such as are done for money gain, are usually rationalized away as done for other motives.

Again, in all industrialized countries we find small business being squeezed out, the individual storekeeper becoming a chainstore clerk, the independent farmer becoming an agricultural laborer on a larger "factory farm" made up of foreclosed holdings. Nevertheless, production and skills are maintained.

Yet most people outside the Soviet Union remain stubbornly convinced that because people cannot run businesses and become independently rich there the Soviet citizen is without incentives and lives a drab and indifferent life. The fact is that a Soviet citizen can run a small business, if he is that individualistic. He can run a cobbler's shop or even practice medicine privately. But in actual experience the desire does not prove strong. In actual experience Soviet people have the same satisfactions as skilled workers, experts, and executives working for the state, as Americans working for big companies—and more, because the Soviet people have an active sense of joint ownership. As for money—a Soviet man can make money, good money, by producing above the norm and earning the bonuses and prizes that are paid for extra output and improvements in method.

All the incentives that we know, exist in the Soviet Union, plus others that we don't know of, or that exist among us only in an undeveloped state—social incentives, a lively consciousness that every bettering of the life of the community betters the life of the individual. So the collective farmers of Central Asia who came together, voluntarily, by the hundreds of thousands, to dig irrigation canals, knew from the experience they had gained in their collectives that the collectively dug canal would provide a water supply more abundant and more secure than anyone could get with the little ditch he could dig alone.

Out of this strong consciousness of social good comes the fervid though critical appreciation of the services of initiators and leaders. It would be abnormal in such an atmosphere, for the leadership motives to be solely or even primarily self-interest. Rewards in money and promotions are sufficient. In the feeling of effectiveness—there are virtually no "lonely geniuses" in Soviet life—they are incalculable. In honors and appreciation they exceed anything we know of. From citations on the wall newspapers to government decorations an actively grateful community acknowledges leadership services of all kinds. Thus leadership in the Soviet Union has powerful ties with the community, a wide and deep social base.

IN THE last paragraph I have given the gist of the Soviet attitude toward leaders. It may be amplified by a contrast with attitudes in other societies.

Those envisage two main types—one the lonely, misunderstood men who overcome opposition to serve their people, and have their rewards from posterity; the other, the capable, domineering, unscrupulous men who get ahead by serving their own interests first. Toward the former people have a bad conscience. With reluctant admiration they mix a desire to show him up as a hypocrite, a man who

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was actually serving his own interests after all. Toward the second there is suspicion and resentment because he is obviously serving his own interests, but at the same time reluctant admiration because he is doing it successfully. He is doing what is considered the norm.

These attitudes are strongly negative. They reflect the insecurity and dissatisfaction of a social system racked with conflict. For in fact, the attitudes come from the social relations of our society. Because of the oppositions in our society a leader begins as, or becomes, the servant of one interest and its leader, and misleader to the others. The rare leader who seeks to serve the community as a whole meets with the obloquy of all the opposed interests and is generally soon driven out of office.

In a collective society a leader would find it difficult to serve any but the common interest. And the whole trend of public opinion is toward supporting him in such service.

A CHARACTERIS.. ' Soviet life is "social service." This term has a special Soviet meaning. It is applied to the special contribution a person makes to society above his day's work. Today, in wartime it is the contribution to the blood bank, work in the civilian defense services, adoption of war orphans, volunteer hospital activities, and so on. In peacetime it would include service on trade union or house committees, coaching of illiterate country people who have come to the city, training young workers during after-work hours, organizing factory outings, leading classes in political discussions or historical studies, etc.

The people who do the most and the best of such social work are the people who are usually the most alert, careful, and conscientious workers on the job. It was such workers, for example, who saw the potentialities of the young peasant Alexei Stakhanov, who had gone down in the mines to earn enough money to buy a new horse. They coached him, trained him, infused him with their own spirit. The product of their "social work" with him was an alert, socially conscious miner who introduced new methods greatly multiplying production, and touched off a veritable fire of creative initiative among Soviet workers.

Such people are either members of the Communist Party to begin with or win the notice of the Party and are recruited into it. Membership in the Party rests upon this care to excel in their work and to continue their social service. They cannot retain their membership on other conditions. It is largely from their ranks that Soviet leadership in all fields is recruited.

It is true that careerists, opportunists, and hypocrites, for the very reason that posts are often filled from the ranks of the Communist Party, do their best to get into it. In the process they frequently convert themselves into what at first they only sought to simulate. If not, the nature of Soviet life and, in particular, of Communist Party activities, places their acts in such a public glare that sooner or later the careerists, the opportunists, and the hypocrites are exposed.

In their valuable book *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization,* the Webbs call the Communist Party "the vocation of leadership." Other students and observers of Soviet life confirm this. People with leadership qualities are in the Communist Party, gravitate toward it, or are supported by it. The criteria that govern membership in the Party tally with the Soviet concepts of leadership. These are evidence of conscientiousness and capacity at one's work, readiness to contribute "social work," and political grounding which, in effect, means understanding of and conviction in the collective program of the Soviet system. Service toward the collective is thus the very foundation of Soviet leadership.

IF WE are to believe some of the anti-Soviet writers, Soviet leaders and the Soviet people are a world apart. The people are wonderful but the leadership is power-mad and has been cynically playing with the lives of the people a vast and complicated power politics game. That juvenile cynic, John Scott, pictures a wonderful people used in this game by an inner circle numbering some 1,000 men.

It seems strange that a wonderful people would lack the vision to see this and the gumption to put an end to it. Of all the slanders by false friends—the present business conditions in the anti-Soviet trade make the mask necessary—this is one of the nastiest.

The leadership of a people reflects its social relations. If it is power drive that motivates Soviet leadership, then the people are not innocent; there are sections who must share in it; there is that in Soviet society which provides sanctions for it. However, there is nothing in Soviet social relations that shows it.

And, just as nothing in the Soviet social relations provides sanctions for personal power drives, so nothing in the record of Soviet leadership shows the ability of the power-hungry to endure. In that record the mortality of power-hungry elements has been consistent.

Soviet leadership, from Lenin and Stalin, through every phase of Soviet life has devoted itself to the construction and strengthening of the collective. It has shown extraordinary wisdom and courage in avoiding the comforts of compromise, of returns to the safe and the accustomed. Its steps have been taken after discussions that ultimately have involved virtually the entire people. Those who know how Stalin works, know that he works as all Soviet leaders work, as a committee man, arriving at a decision collectively and carrying it out as a collective mandate.

Soviet leaders could have continued the restful pause of the NEP period, thereby conciliating enemies at home and abroad. This would have involved coming into close relations with revived capitalism at home and mortgaging most of the nation's resources to foreign capital. Power-hungry leaders would have found that no obstacle. Their own interests would have been served, and their power would have been given outer buttresses.

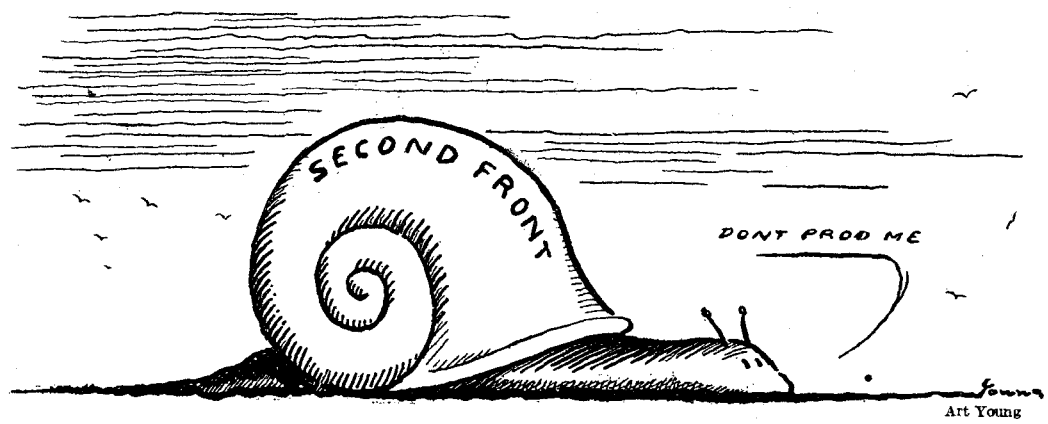
Soviet leaders could have left farming on the basis of private ownership of the redistributed land, overlooking the development of the kulak class and actually tying that class to their service. That would have meant a competing capitalist economy on the land growing up alongside a developing socialist economy in industry, and deepening opposition of interests between the two. A power-hungry leadership would have welcomed this as providing a means to play off one against the other for its own advantage. But Soviet leadership instead had the courage to carry through, at great initial risks and costs, the collectivization of agriculture. The unity of agriculture and industry was established on a basis of mutual economic interest.

The Soviet leadership could have lightened hardships and appeased grumblers by concentrating on consumers' goods instead of basic industry. But basic industry was needed for the quicker realization of a collective economy and the capacity to defend it. Again, Soviet leadership acted on the collective need, took the harder road, and therefore today the collective Soviet society is unconquerable.

In foreign relations Soviet leadership very early settled into a policy of international collaboration for peace, rejecting the adventurism to which it could have been drawn had power-lust afflicted it.

Thus Soviet leadership, through dangers and difficulties that probably no other leadership in all history has faced, has led the Soviet people onward in the construction of the world's first collective society. Doing so it has been representative, at every point, of the needs and nature of the new social relations.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.



On the Way

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Soviet Culture goes to War

DRAMA
PRESS-RADIO
MOVIES

H. W. L. DANA

ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS

HOWARD FISHER

It was Midsummer Night in Moscow in 1941. The play was Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The theater was the New Central House of the Red Army, a gigantic building shaped like a five-pointed star. A strange place, you may say, to have put on this delicate Shakespearian phantasy—on a huge stage across which cavalry charges dashed in military plays. But in this Red Army Theater are inscribed the words of Voroshilov: "Every Red Army man must learn to understand and love the culture he is fighting to defend." And Shakespeare was a part of the culture they were going to have to defend. During the two nights on the eve of the Nazi invasion, no less than five different Moscow theaters were saturated by the beauty of five different Shakespeare plays: *Romeo and Juliet, As You Like It, The Merry Wives of Windsor,* and *The Taming of the Shrew,* as well as *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* These had become a part of Soviet culture quite as much as Chekhov, whose *Three Sisters* was being acted that night in the moonlit, seagull-haunted Moscow Art Theater, much as it had been acted when it was first produced there forty years earlier at the beginning of the century.

In Moscow, then, that Midsummer Night of June 21, 1941, was as peaceful and beautiful and colorful as the opening strains of Shostakovich's *Seventh Symphony*. Then, on June 22, came the terrifying, monotonous, mechanical rat-a-tat-tat of the invading Nazi panzer divisions—seeming inhumanly static, even as they were advancing.

The very next day, June 23, meetings were held of theater people all over the Soviet Union to lay plans for mobilizing their forces, too, for national defense. Chekhov's widow, who had acted in *Three Sisters* at the Moscow Art Theater in 1901 and was still acting there, wrote in a letter:

"We actors and actresses in the Moscow Art Theater are preparing and rehearsing new plays to be added to our repertoire. Daily we are organizing and dispatching brigades of actors and actresses to act our plays before the Russian soldiers at the front. We are mobilizing the spirit of resistance and steadfastness of our people. We are hammering out the spiritual instrument of victory. We are filled with a great calm, for we know the unswerving and resolute spirit of the Russian people."

Between each theater company and each company of soldiers at the front was arranged a sort of mutual interrelationship or *"shevstvo."* Groups of actors were sent from the theaters of drama to the theaters of war, troupes to the troops. Trucks were arranged with sides that let down to form improvised stages for use at the front. Sometimes the words were relayed to the firing line by loudspeakers. If they reached the Germans beyond, so much the better. The actors acted for the soldiers just before they left for battle and again after they returned. The actors were supposed to help inspire the soldiers, but it was often the Red Army in turn that inspired the actors. On one occasion the troops begged the theatrical company to go to a nearby peasant's hut where their company commander lay wounded and to repeat their whole performance for him alone. For the Island of Kronstadt, defending the harbor of Leningrad, theatrical companies arranged to do a series of one-act plays. For the Navy, plays have been performed with the tops of gun turrets or the bridges of battleships used for platforms. Everywhere actors are working as they had never worked before.

Meanwhile in the great cultural centers of Leningrad and Moscow, the theaters, immediately after the invasion, continued to be packed with the civilian population, seeking not an "escape" from war, but a better understanding of it.

Leningrad felt the pinch of siege earlier than Moscow. As the "white nights" of midsummer Leningrad shifted to the black nights of autumn, the Nazi air raids used to begin soon after dark. To enable the audience to leave the theatres before night set in and the raids began, the performances used to start at five o'clock in the afternoon and finish by eight. This was called "beating Hitler to it!" Sergei Radlov writes that, during one of the performances of Shakespeare's *Othello* at his Leningrad theater, an air raid began before the play was quite over. Just as Othello was about to strangle Desdemona there came the shrill warning of alarm. The cry that rose from the audience was not one of fear but of indignation that the bombers should have interrupted the play at just that moment. Could not they have waited until Othello had finished with Desdemona? The following night, through streets strewn with broken glass left by the air raid of the night before, the crowds flocked again to the theater—not from boredom or craving for mere amusement, but from the insatiable desire of all Soviet people for art and culture.

It was in this same Leningrad at this time that the musician Shostakovich, serving as an air raid warden at his beloved Conservatory of Music, managed to compose the first part of his *Seventh Symphony* in honor of the heroic defense of Leningrad. An old Russian proverb had said: "When the guns begin to speak, music is silent." But Shostakovich cried: "Here the music speaks together with the guns!" The same was true of the theater: drama was speaking together with the guns. In the Soviet Union there was to be no blackout of the arts. On the contrary, music and drama were to play a powerful force in the mobilization of the minds of men.

It is a striking fact that in Solovev's new play, *The Citizen of Leningrad* is none other than the composer Shostakovich.

Even the art of the ballet, which might well seem the most conventional and arti-

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ficial of all the arts, has its place in wartime. One of the most popular of the young ballerinas of the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow, Olga Lepechinskaya, writes how each night, after finishing her dancing at the Opera House, she went on duty on the roof top as an air raid watcher. At first, when a Nazi bomber appeared, her knees began knocking together so violently that she began to fear that she would never be able to dance again. Yet, when an incendiary bomb fell near her, she leaped over to extinguish it with all the grace and agility of a great ballet dancer and soon found that she no longer had time to be nervous.

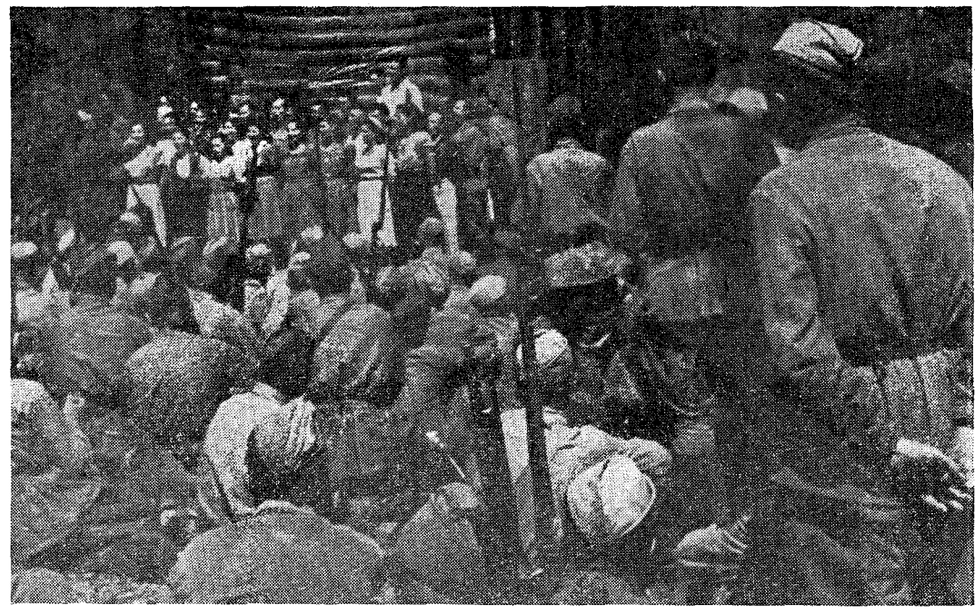
Twice the great Bolshoi Theater, where she used to dance, was damaged by bombs. Symbolically enough, what the Nazis destroyed was the ceiling painting representing "The Triumph of the Muses."

While the Bolshoi was being repaired, this young ballet dancer toured the front, dancing on rough platforms, while Tschaikowsky's music was punctuated by the sound of German machine guns perilously near. Above the improvised stage were hung Russian banners that had been borne in battle under Suvorov and Kutuzov—an ancient glory hanging over the head of the new. The Red Army men closed their hands tighter around their weapons as they knew that here was a beauty that the Nazi invaders were trying to rob them of.

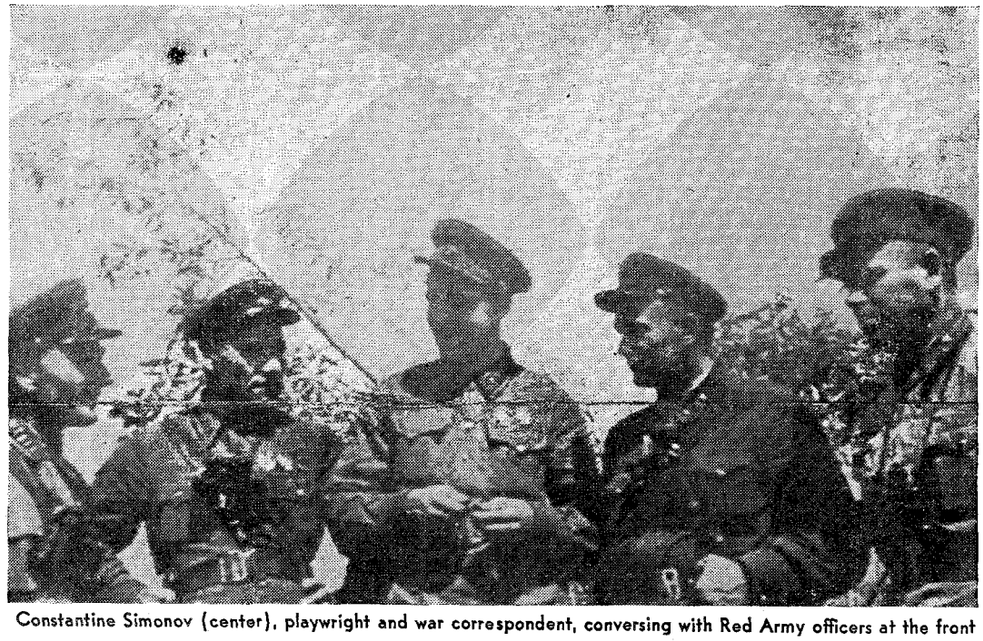
The new Russian plays that were produced came mostly in response to a two-fold demand of the Russian people. One was a demand for anti-Nazi plays—plays that would show how the ideology of the German fascists who had launched this attack on them was diametrically opposite to their own ideals in every respect: in the Nazi racial prejudice and anti-Semitism, in the Nazi distrust of culture, in the Nazi subjection of women and children, in the Nazi enslavement of labor. Many of these plays, contrasting Soviet life with that of Hitler's Germany, were already in existence during the non-aggression pact. The Nazis did not like it, but there was nothing they could do about it—nothing, that is, except finally invade the country of those who had always opposed everything the fascists stood for.

Those neutrals, who made the stupid mistake of identifying the Soviet point of view with that of the Nazis, should have seen how unrelentingly Soviet plays attacked Nazi ideas. Similarly, those who maliciously pictured the Soviets as having been hostile to everything British, should have seen the unbroken enthusiasm in Russia for all English drama, from Shakespeare, through Sheridan, to Shaw.

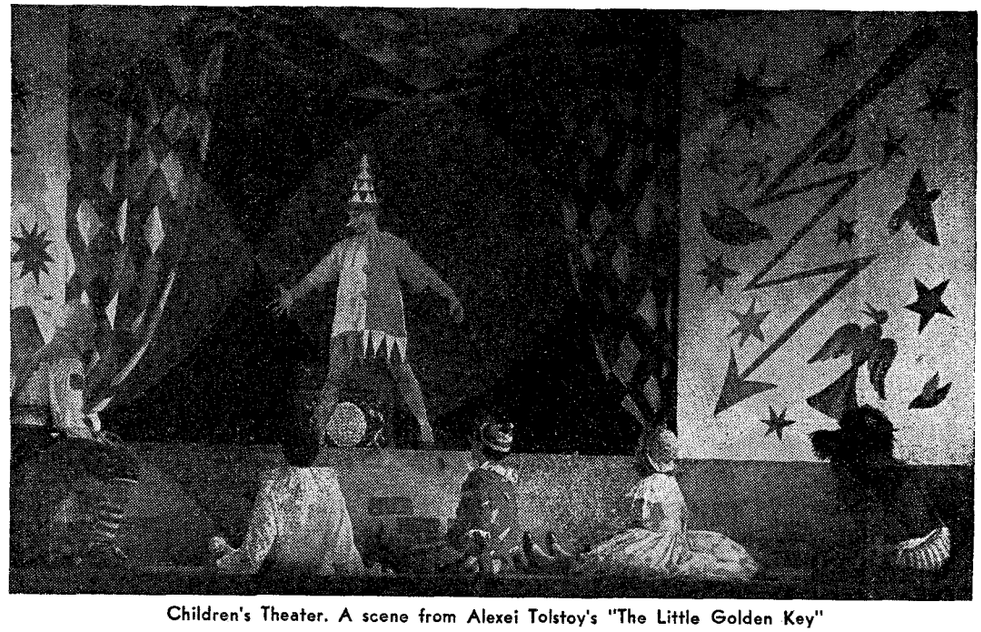
PARALLEL with the demand for anti-Nazi plays was the demand for pro-Russian plays. The Russian people wanted to see on the stage whatever had been great in their own past, whatever expressed their love towards their country, now menaced by foreign invasion, or their loyalty toward the United Nations, who were fighting fascism.



A theatrical performance at the front



Constantine Simonov (center), playwright and war correspondent, conversing with Red Army officers at the front



Children's Theater. A scene from Alexei Tolstoy's "The Little Golden Key"

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For seven centuries Russia had been attacked by a long series of invaders; but in every case the Russian people had slowly, heroically, and decisively driven the aggressors out of Russia.

It was just 700 years ago, in 1242, that Teutonic Knights had attacked Russia and the voice of Alexander Nevsky—"Let them come to us as friends and we will receive them as friends; but let them come against us with arms and they will perish by arms"—either in Eisenstein's film or in Prokofieff's cantata, comes thundering across seven centuries to stir to action those who are defending Russia today.

Similarly Alexei Tolstoy's new play and Eisenstein's new film show *Ivan the Terrible* as being primarily "terrible" to the traitors of Russia. Again the plays and films about *Peter the Great* picture that gigantic figure striding along the dikes of the Neva river as a prototype of the spirit of construction, the organizer of the Russian Navy and of national defense, serving today to inspire the defenders of the city that he founded.

The Germans like to forget that Russian soldiers entered Berlin in 1760, but the play by Finn and Gus called *The Keys to Berlin* is a saucy reminder. *The Army Leader Suvorov,* either in the play by Bakhterev and Razumovski, or the film by Pudovkin, or now in the opera by Vasilenko, with his love of the rank and file and his feeling that "The soldier who knows what he is fighting for is worth three soldiers who do not know," is still the idol of the Russian people. When his dying words—"Suvorov is not dead; he will live in every Russian soldier"—ring every night through the great Red Army Theater, Red Army men jump to their feet to show that the spirit of Suvorov is still alive in them today.

The most powerful parallel from history, however, is the driving out of Napoleon's invading armies 130 years ago. The theme never fails to stir the Russians today who are rallying against a similar invasion. It is the theme of Lermontov's poem *Borodino*; Tschaikowsky's *1812 Overture,* Tolstoy's great historical novel *War and Peace* (now dramatized into two parts under the title *The Patriotic War of 1812* by the Maly Theater in Moscow and being turned into an opera by Prokofieff); the play by Lipskerov and Kochetkov, *Nadzhda Durova,* and A. Gladkov's *Long-Long Ago,* both written about the Russian heroine of 1812; and the magnificent verse play by Solovev called *Field Marshal Kutuzov.*

The Vakhtangov Theater, where *Field Marshal Kutuzov* was being acted, was completely destroyed by German bombs; but the play was produced by the same company later in Tashkent and was acted in many other theaters throughout the Soviet Union. Similarly the Bolshoi Theater, when its Moscow building was damaged, carried on in Kuibyshev. Again the Maly Theater, when the air raids endangered the audience, moved to Chelyabinsk, the Moscow Art Theater to Saratov, the Kamerny Theater to Irkutsk, and the Moscow Soviet Theater and the Moscow Jewish Theater to Alma Ata. Just as the factories were moved eastward, not always to the next town, but, by careful planning, to the one beyond that, in leap-frog fashion; so the Moscow theaters by pre-arrangement had each one its own appointed city further East, to use as a temporary location while Moscow was under siege. Now, one by one, the theaters are beginning to return to Moscow. The Maly Theater, for example, has now come back from Chelyabinsk and is now acting its version of Tolstoy's *War and Peace* in its own well known theater building in the very heart of Moscow.

In addition to the patriotic plays about the earlier Russia, there are also plays and films aplenty about the heroes of the Russian Revolution twenty-five years ago and Red Army leaders such as *Chapayev, Shchors, Parkhomenko* fighting against various attempts of foreign invasion to overthrow the Soviet Union. Here the loyalty of the Russian workers towards heroes that have come from their own country is doubly reenforced by loyalty towards heroes that have come from their own class. Moreover these plays, many of them already produced before the German invasion, are often directed against the Germans: so they combine with the purely anti-Nazi plays into building up a spirit of continuity and unity, a morale in the Russian people today such as is not to be found anywhere else.

A year ago, on the eve of the twenty-fourth celebration of the Russian Revolution, during an air raid on Moscow on Nov. 5, 1941, a high explosive Nazi bomb killed one of the most promising young Soviet playwrights, Alexander Afinogenov. At that very moment his play *Distant Point,* in English translation, was stirring London audiences, especially with the scene in which the dying Red Army general cries:

"We all have a 'distant point,' a world in which men shall live their lives in freedom and happiness. We all think of that, live for that to the very last second of the last hour. And when death comes—why, we'll die alive!"

Afinogenov himself "died alive." Just before his death, he had finished a play called *On the Eve* dealing with the splendid spirit of patriotism with which the family and friends of a Moscow foundry worker rise to the defense of the Soviet Union the moment it is attacked.

There have been a number of new Soviet plays about the defense of Moscow, such as Tardov's *Moscow* and Nikulin's *Soul of Moscow.* It is, however, from further south, from the Ukraine, which has suffered most by invasion, that the subjects of the greatest number of war plays have come, starting with Pervomaisky's *Beginning of the Battle.* The very powerful Ukrainian playwright Korneichuk has followed up his prize-winning play of 1941, *On the Ukrainian Steppes,* in which he introduced the lovable leaders of two rival collective farms, with a sequel showing how these same characters acted when their farms had been invaded by the German hordes. In this later and still more powerful play, *Partisans on the Ukrainian Steppes,* first acted in the Ukraine itself by the Red Army Theater of the Southwest Front and later by the Moscow Maly Theater, Korneichuk shows the indomitable courage of those in the guerrilla warfare behind the German lines. The guerrillas, either in earlier wars or in this war, seem to be favorite subjects for thrilling dramatic action. Many a play, like Krapiva's *Partisans,* deals with this exciting theme—as does *The Smoke of the Fatherland* written by Sheinin in collaboration with the Tur brothers.

Not only the Red Army but the other branches of the military are the subjects of new Soviet plays. *Commanders at the Helm* gives us the story of the Red Navy and *The Winged Tribe* the exploits of the Red Air Force. Civilians, too, have inspired plays about their indispensable contributions to the war effort. The innumerable adventurous roles that the Soviet women are playing in modern warfare is the subject of Nikulin's play *Women.* Pride in the splendid morale of the civilian population of the Soviet Union and faith in its ultimate victory is the theme of Constantine Finn's *Ruzov Forest.* In George Mdivani's *The Batallion Goes West,* every member of a Soviet family is represented as doing his bit in one way or another to help along the war of liberation.

The play, however, which best shows the marvelous concerted action of the whole Russian populace is the play which has recently opened with great success in Moscow, which is being acted in over a hundred theaters throughout the Soviet Union, and is being prepared in English translation for production by the Theater Guild in New York. This is Constantine Simonov's *Russian People.* Last year the young poet and journalist won one of the Stalin prizes for drama, 100,000 rubles, for his play called *A Fellow From Our Town.* In this play Simonov dealt with a single individual, an eccentric intellectual, who under the pressure of war develops into such a hero that a statue is put up in his honor, to which the small boys can point and say: "That is a fellow from our town."

Now, however, Simonov has turned to a larger theme, that of the whole Russian people, as exemplified by the inhabitants of a city in the south of Russia, which has been surrounded by the invading Germany army. Busy as Simonov was with his brilliant reports from the front, some of which have been gathered together under the title *From the Black Sea to the Barents Sea,* he found time, while in Moscow for a couple of days, to dictate this play to a stenographer. It is based on what he had actually seen in besieged Russian towns. The girl tankist Valya, for example, is based on a real girl whom he had met at the front only a few weeks earlier.

In *The Russian People* Simonov depicts a

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besieged Russian town that is rationed to one glass of water a day per person, but the spirits of the inhabitants do not flag. Captain Safonov, who is in charge of the defense, has lost so many younger officers in the war that he is forced to name as chief of staff a taciturn, severe old man, Vasin. As head of the Special Department he has to appoint a young poet and correspondent, Panin—Simonov himself, if you wish. Valya, the young girl tank driver, with whom Captain Safonov is falling in love, is to be sent to the dangerous work behind the German lines. The captain's own mother, Marya Petrovna, is sent to the gallows by the Germans. No one thinks of surrendering arms. Each one, without hesitation, is ready to give up his life. As the captain says, each one is prepared "to die with a purpose." The fearlessness of the people stems from their love of life, of their fatherland, of all that was created by their own hands, by their common labor. In the zero hour each one thinks back to his own past, to his friends, to his native place. Valya says that for her the word fatherland suggests the three white birch trees that used to stand in front of her father's house. For others the fatherland suggests other images, but they all love it and they are all united in their willigness to die for its defense. As the captain says, there is something of the poet in all of them. The very menace of death intensifies the love of life. On the eve of their destruction, they dream of the future, appreciate the little jokes they share together, value the other's well placed word, and tenderly love each other.

Tragic as is their lot, it seems really happy in comparison with that of the one traitor in their midst, Kharitonov, a Russian who has betrayed Russia to the Germans. For in his moral fall, he has ceased to be a man. In betraying his country, he betrays his own family. His Nazi masters force him to rejoice at the killing of his own son—a Red Army commander.

The Russian People gives us, in a cross-section of a single besieged town, a microcosm of the Soviet Union—of the whole heroic struggle of the Russian people.

H. W. L. DANA.

THE PRESS: 5,000,000 CORRESPONDENTS

The 859 papers of czarist days have expanded to 8,000. Albert Rhys Williams on the Soviet's newspapers and radio.

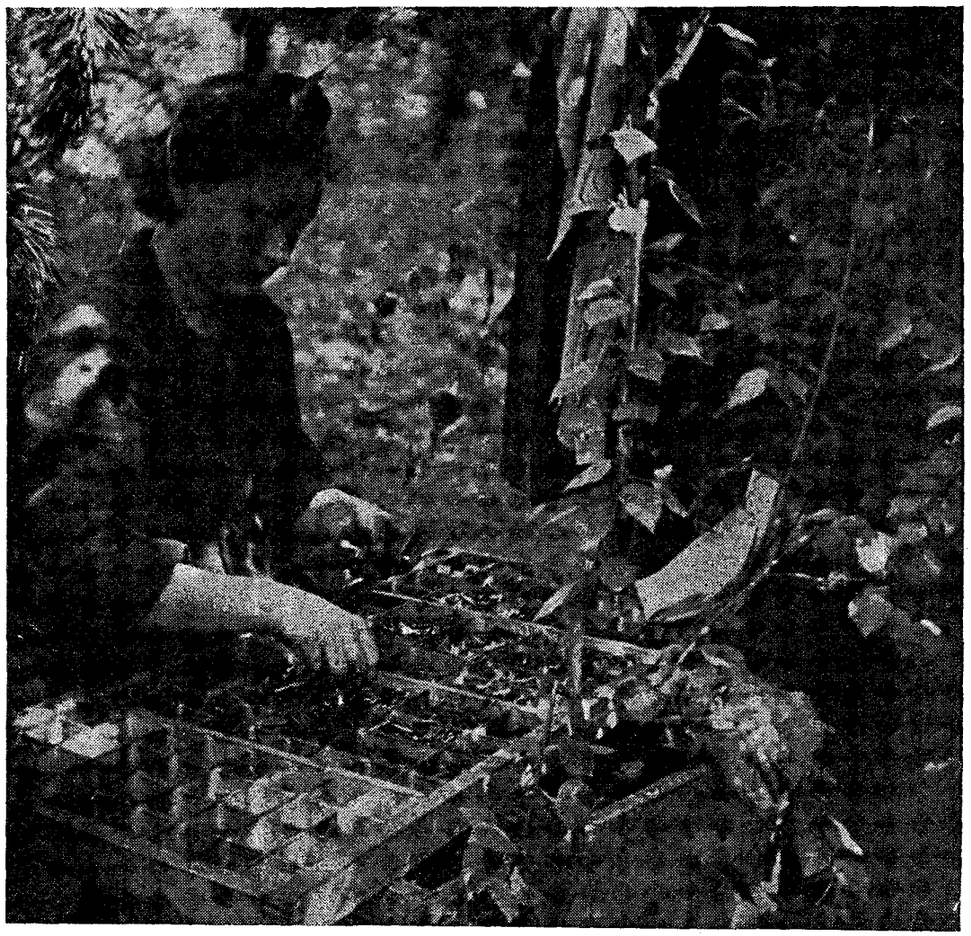
THE function of the press is not to make money or to entertain the reader, but to inform him and stimulate his interest and zeal in building the new society. This is done in the peculiar Russian manner, by way of erudite editorials, reports from the various "fronts"—cultural, economic, as well as military—and interminable statistics. The opening of a new blooming-mill in the Urals is often front-page news. An abstruse discussion on Marxism may take the headlines. Chess problems occupy more space than do cross-word puzzles abroad.

To the average foreigner, the papers are dry and colorless. There are no big display advertisements; no gossip columns, comic strips, stock exchange quotations; no "society" news, unless the deeds and pictures of "200 Percenters," women drivers of tractors and locomotives, and parachute jumpers come under that rubric; no sensational stories of crime and passion, unless they can point a socialist moral.

On the lighter side there are cartoons, topical verses, or witty feuilletons with a sting or laugh; and of course, now there are stories of the war. While these "human interest" features are on the increase, to the average outsider the Soviet papers still seem dull and monotonous. But not to the Russians. With such avidity do they turn to them that they queue up in front of the newsstands; big editions are sold out as fast as they come off the press; and only shortage of paper prevents the Soviet press from being the largest in the world.

The 859 papers of czarist days have expanded to over 8,000—an increase of more than tenfold in number and fourteenfold in circulation. And sometimes there are up to 100 readers to a copy, thanks to out-loud reading to groups at rest hours in the harvest fields, Red Army camps, and factories. Type is cast and papers are published in 120 languages, realizing the Soviet's goal: "For every people its own paper in its own language."

At the same time they are seeking to make them *of* and *by* the people. "A paper will be strong and vital," said Lenin, "when the five men of letters directing it are supplemented by 500 or 5,000 labor correspondents, workers who are not professional writers." "Why," asked *Pravda,* "should we send reporters to the village to write about you peasants? Write about yourselves. Never mind if you are semi-literate and must use capital letters or 'chicken-marks.' Start that way and you may end a columnist. But don't send in such items as



Setting the type for the frontline newspaper "Boyevoi Dozor" ["Military Patrol"].

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A guerrilla detachment reading a newspaper dropped to them from a plane.

'Ivan beat up Manka,' or 'A new well has been dug on Petrov's farm.' Write about things that have a social significance: All that you see in nature or life that gives joy or pain to your heart; all our successes and all our sad failures. Proletarians and peasants, to pen and ink!"

In response to this rose the *Rabselkor* movement, with 5,000,000 "Army," "Air," "Child," and "Photo" correspondents, sending in a steady stream of items. Besides bringing in a huge amount of news, they serve as a barometer of public sentiment, guiding the leaders in the making of new laws and the "Party Line." They reveal hidden talents which are fostered in conferences and special journals from which have emerged some of the best Soviet cartoonists and authors of today. Finally, they uncover a multitude of evils—from arrogance of officials to operations of Nazi spies and fifth columnists.

THE tone for the whole Soviet press is set by the capital. *Izvestia,* News, is the official mouthpiece of the Soviet government; *Pravda,* Truth, is the spokesman of the Communist Party. Each of these papers, with six to eight extra large pages, has a circulation over 2,000,000. Despite limited space, often a whole page is devoted to the anniversaries of Shakespeare, Chaucer, Goethe, the celebration of the 450th anniversary of the discovery of America. There were columns of congratulations and telegrams to Bernard Shaw arriving in Moscow on his seventy-fifth birthday, to Maxim Litvinov when he was decorated with the Order of Lenin on his sixtieth birthday, to Marshal Boris Shaposhnikov, former colonel in the czarist army, now chief of the Soviet General Staff, on his sixtieth birthday last month.

With the advent of war, a grimmer note runs through editorials and headlines. *Red Star,* the Soviet Army newspaper, goads the soldier on to victory with the slogan: "Die—but do not surrender!" and continues with the words: "History and the people will not pardon a further retreat. No position must be abandoned while one man is still alive." And after making each officer and political instructor responsible for the impregnability of their defense, it concludes with: "It is better for him to die on the spot with his men than bear the shame of retreat."

REPORTERS not only write about the war, but take direct part in it. In uniforms, holding officers' rank, famous writers attached to combat troops often find themselves in positions where they have to fight as they write. Such a one was Alexander Poliakov, correspondent and commissar who, in *Russians Don't Surrender,* has told how his encircled hungry battalion after weeks of battling cut its way through Nazi lines and rejoined the Red Army. Wounded many times, Poliakov kept returning to the front and died there in the fall of 1942. Eugene Petrov, co-author of *Little Golden America,* lost his life at the siege of Sevastopol. The novelist Leonid Leonov lost an eye and the poet Joseph Atkin, his hand. The dramatist Afinogenov was killed in an air raid.

GRAPHIC artists collaborate with pressmen to produce war posters. As fast as Tass, the news agency, receives bulletins, it relays them to the painter-writer teams. The items are discussed and as ideas are approved, the painters swiftly make the sketches and writers work out the captions—usually pungent rhymes. At top speed they are slapped up on the walls and in thousands of special display windows inciting the public crowding about them to comment and laughter, and raising morale.

The cartoonists and humorists bring out a small magazine of illustrated jokes called *Front Laughs.* In bomb shelters or dugouts they take the rough sketches of Red Army men and retouch them to play up an episode, a passing jest, or salty statement. "Our soldiers," said one of these artists, "find time to laugh and we find ourselves mobilized. Laughter has become an arm of the Red Army."

As *Red Star* reflects the life and interests of the Army, so every union, cooperative, commissariat, and large enterprise has its own official paper. Biggest of all is the *Peasants' Gazette* with its fifteen regional editions. By organizing, teaching, or working in the fields for three months of the year, its editors keep in close touch with the life of the villagers. To its offices come 20,000 delegates bringing their plaints and petitions.

Overtake and Surpass is the publication of the Moscow Auto Works, priding itself on its output of poets and humorists as well as

Reading the text of Stalin's May Day Order from a broadcasting installation near the front.

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on its output of cars. A few hours after the crew of the sinking ship *Chelyushkin* escaped to a drifting ice-floe, there appeared a paper called *No Surrender,* written and edited by the castaways. As the Tajik cotton growers were digging their 240-mile irrigation canal in the Vale of Ferghana, they were reading and writing about themselves in *Stalin's Big Building Job.*

Every nationality, of course, has its own paper in its own language. And for semi-literates, or for those who want to learn Russian, is the journal *For Those Beginning to Read.* Edited by a Cossack woman, Kravechenko, it is attractively printed in big type, lines, and colors.

Even within the German occupied territory, the guerrilla bands get out their own sheets. On such paper as they can find they print the day's communique, news of the "second front," instructions on digging tank traps, stories of Nazi atrocities, and hair-breadth escapes.

Most local of all local papers are the wall newspapers—usually hand-written with vividly colored headlines and mounted photographs. Wall newspapers exhort the Red Armymen: "If your ammunition is gone—stab with your bayonet! If your bayonet breaks—strike with your fists! If your fists give way—bite with your teeth!" One finds wall papers posted on barns at collective farms, on trees at lumber camps, and on derricks in the oil-fields.

IT IS evident then that the Soviet press is much more than a purveyor of news. In the words of Lenin, it is the "collective organizer" of the life of the nation, an instrument for mobilizing the people's mind and energies for concrete tasks. On all major issues it presents a solid, serried front. Occasionally its columns are open to hot discussion on moot questions of the day. But when the debate is closed, or any crisis arises, every publication, from the biggest in Moscow down to the tiniest sheet in a mountain village, speaks in a single voice. Sometimes it is the voice of praise, self-congratulation, and approbation. The papers break forth in jubilation over the saving of precious machines from the Nazis, an artistic film, the conquest of the stratosphere, the finding of a new frost-resisting wheat, the outpouring of donations to the Defense Fund.

At other times it is the voice of lamentation, of scorn or ridicule poured out upon Soviet sins and shortcomings: the breaches in the War Production Plan; the cupidity and stupidity of bureaucrats; the ignorance and incompetence of Communists; the neglect of children by their Don Juan fathers; the bombast and boastings of orators covering ugly facts with phrases. Rich pickings here for enemies seeking material on Soviet follies and blundering. But in lieu of an opposition press, this "self-criticism" is imperative. While this "strongest, sharpest weapon of the Revolution," as Stalin calls the Soviet press, is used against its external foes—the Nazis and fascists—it is often turned against itself, that is, against its mistakes and failures. *But never against the ideal and goal of the Soviets, and rarely against the policies for attaining them.*

AIR WAVES vs. HITLER

IN ITS drive "for the conquest of the air" the Soviet Union has enrolled millions of members in a volunteer society called "Friends of the Radio." It stages radio festivals with thirty nationalities participating, and arranges broadcasts in sixty languages. To its seventy main stations it has added thousands of smaller ones forming a network reaching to the farthest frontiers of the country, binding them ever closer to Moscow. The isolated native on the faraway Commander Islands may hear the bells in the Kremlin tower striking at noon or midnight, and playing the "Internationale." From its biggest 500-kilowatt stations in Moscow and Komsomolsk it flashes messages direct to America.

In the matter of news, weather forecasts, and gymnastics, the programs are not unlike our own, but with no ballyhoo for toothpastes, pain-killers, or breakfast foods. More time is given to lectures, to plays and symphonies.

Correspondents at the front. Three famous Soviet authors—Eugene Petrov (killed later at Sevastopol), Mikhail Sholokhov, and A. Fadaev with another Red Army man.

"IT IS quite the regular thing," says Albert Coates, director of symphony orchestras in New York, London, and Moscow, "to broadcast all the concert and not a small part of it, as we do here in the United States." As all the people are passionate lovers of music, and there are all too few receiving sets, they gather about the loudspeakers even if they must stand for hours in the snow. For the Russian program ends, not on the hour, but whenever the composition draws to a close. Special hours are devoted to the Red Army, to collectives, and to factories. On the children's programs, they hear explorers and inventors, or little Olga tell how she presented a bouquet to Stalin on the Red Square.

The small stations in close touch with the needs of their communities play an important part in organizing their daily life and activities. In a big plant they not only entertain the workers with local news, humorous incidents, and music, but a man has the right to speak to his fellow workers. Attempts to suppress him for exposing evils of management have frequently roused a whole plant in indignant protest. The foreman and managers can do nothing but listen, not without trepidation, for sometimes the worker says what he thinks with vinegar and gall. Sometimes there are protests for cleaner drinking water, or better lighting. Sometimes there are ideas for bettering or increasing production. On the collective farms reapers on the far boundaries carry portable radios to notify the men of impending storms, or possibly of a steppe fire.

In the Arctic a fast-growing chain of stations is reaching out from the mainland ever closer to the Pole. It directs the big ice-breakers convoying the ships through the fog and icebergs of the new Northern Sea Route. To it hunters turn for news about the location of herds of seal, and otters, the trek of reindeer and caribou to the new moss pastures. It replaces the magic spells of the shamans and medicine men in the daily life of the Eskimos. A doctor at lone Cape Hope gets help from an obstetrician at Dixon Island for a difficult delivery. All stations are off the air while the specialist issues instructions. Three hours later the happy father announces the glad news of the birth of a son. The Polar stations shout their congratulations over the ether. . . .

Most important of Arctic services is the weather broadcast. For "weather is made in the Arctic." It is the starting point of cyclones that sweep down across the plains. Forewarned, the people can fortify themselves against the ravages of sleet and snow and rain. During the weeks of 1937, when all the Arctic world, including America, was looking for Levanevsky, the Russian flyer lost some-

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where on the icy wastes, our weather stations in Alaska cooperated with the Russians. During this period, as Vilhjamur Stefansson points out, our own weather reports achieved a degree of accuracy that they have never had before or since.

Now that the Nazis are on their land, the radio is put to new wartime work. Thus Moscow keeps in touch with the guerrilla forces: issues commands, sends frontline news, warns of the enemy's approach. Radio is the Paul Revere of the Soviet "minute man." In one sector where the Red Army had retreated, guerrilla forces seized a district covering sixteen towns behind German lines, wiped out the Nazi guards, and held the territory until reenforcements arrived—an exploit accomplished with the aid of instructions received directly from Moscow by radio. But most important of all, of course, is the use of radio to disseminate propaganda—information, instructions and courage to the Red Army; misinformation, uncertainty, and terror to the foe. ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS.

The foregoing article on the Soviet press and radio is from Mr. Williams' forthcoming book, "The Russians: The Land, the People, and Why They Fight," to be published by Harcourt, Brace.

MOVIES: THEORY OF THE SOVIET FILM

The art and ideas of Sergei Eisenstein, world famous director. Guide to the Soviet movies. The use of montage. By Howard Fisher.

YOU could count on very few fingers the books that illuminate the basic processes of the film art. If, in terms of years and accomplishment, the movies are an extremely young art, they are younger yet in terms of articulate and transferable method. I do not mean technological method involving such problems as lighting, filters, coated lenses, etc. There is ample discussion of these in American technical journals. I mean rather the fundamental artistic processes upon whose use, conscious or unconscious, the effectiveness of a movie depends, and upon whose continued conscious use the development and maturing of the film art depends.

Film production in America has suffered considerably from the lack of such active theory, the lack of an accumulating body of craft wisdom. For much that film directors once knew has been completely lost from current production. In so far as we have had any film theory at all, Russia has been the fountainhead of it. There films have not been, as with us, a kind of public dream, a fantastic escape from the realities of daily living. For the past twenty-five years movies have had a mature social function as an integrated and realistic part of Soviet life, playing their role in the shaping of that life. This fact has given Russian film workers a constant stimulus for experimentation and theory and an urgent need to advance the controls and scope of the medium.

Eisenstein's new book, *The Film Sense,* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.) is in the line of this effective tradition. The author wrestles with some of the key problems of his film career, problems which have an important bearing on the development of Soviet cinema as well as more general implications. The specific subject of the book is montage. The underlying intention of the book is a search for an organic approach to film technique, in which the living meaning of a work is the prime determinant of all formal, technical, and content elements. This represents for Eisenstein an attempt to battle through the chief obstacle he has met in his own work—a tendency toward virtuosity, toward formalism. By and large this attempt is successful, notwithstanding the fact that the book shows certain carryovers of his earlier tendency. Certainly Eisenstein's affirmative reaction to the relentless public criticism, which directed him toward the solution of this problem, provides —along with the similar experience of Shostakovich—a magnificent insight into the dynamic and productive relationship of Soviet audience to Soviet artist.

The four essays contained in *The Film Sense* deal with several aspects of one subject, montage. Montage, as used in America, has come to have a restricted meaning, generally signifying those trick effects that a producer uses when he runs out of ideas. As used by Eisenstein it means something more basic to film art: the process of editing or cutting. This process is the integrating phase of film production in which the fragments of scenes which have been enacted and photographed from the script are mounted into a new whole, the final motion picture. It may be described as the fulcrum of the production process. It is an art that never fully matured.

In "Word and Image," the first essay of the book, Eisenstein reestablishes the importance of montage. He defines the montage principle to correct the formalistic distortions that arose from the earlier conception. He ranges through the arts of literature, acting, and painting with lively erudition to prove the universality of the montage principle in all forms of creative work. The second essay, "Synchronization of Senses," takes the basic idea of the first essay and applies it to cases of montage involving different senses. The author arrives at the principle that movement, derived from the thematic idea, is the unifying element that determines the integration of sound and picture, color and sound, and so forth. The third essay investigates an extreme of formalism, the hypothesis that there is absolute correlation between color and meaning.

This chapter makes a fascinating excursion through history on the theme of the color yellow—an extraordinary *tour de force.* The fourth essay, "Form and Content: Practice," puts to use the principle discovered in chapter two. Eisenstein here subjects to minute analysis, bar by bar and scene by scene, a short sequence from his film *Alexander Nevsky* to show how a central movement pattern provides the fundamental synchronization between the visual image and Prokofieff's music.

All four essays contain much of value and exciting interest. They are not easy reading, since to write and read seriously about film technique is to plow new ground. But a concentrated reading of *The Film Sense* will reward both the film-maker and film audience, and provide brilliant insights into a wide range of art as well as into the film medium itself. It is not possible to go into the substance of all the essays in detail here. But since "Word and Image" contains Eisenstein's basic analysis of the montage principle and the root ideas of the other chapters, it may be well to select this essay for fuller discussion.

IN THE twenties the Soviet film, stimulated by the needs of the revolution, grew by terrific strides until in most essential matters it was far in advance of the motion picture production of all other countries. Early in this development Russian film workers adopted the technique of editing which was originated in America. (A basic fact in editing or montage is that when two scenes, two pieces of film, are spliced together, they create on the screen not the simple sequence of one image following the other, but a third image, "the miracle of a new unity.") They experimented with this technique, elaborated theories, made its principles conscious and carried it to a high level of expressiveness in their films. In this exploratory and enriching process, montage became overemphasized in relation to the other aspects of film production. "Montage became everything." As a result a kind of formalism developed, a love for the process of making "miracles" rather than the content of the "miracle" itself. The content of the scene tended to become unimportant. The Soviet film-makers battled the issue of montage back and forth, until, in an effort to recover the values of story and acting, the opposite tendency asserted itself. Montage was virtually eliminated as a vital element in film construction. This complete swing away from montage was greatly aided by the replacement of the silent by the sound film. Dialogue provided, as it still does, an easy substitute for the more difficult and more dramatic filmic techniques. Dialogue became a crutch for lame films.

It is out of this background that Eisenstein's first essay emerges. His purpose is to

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establish the principle of mo[illegible]e as essential to films, which he does by dem[illegible]strating that it is inseparable from all creative work: "A work of art, understood dynamically, is just the process of arranging images in the feelings and mind of the spectator. It is this that constitutes the peculiarity of a truly vital work of art and distinguishes it from a lifeless one, in which the spectator receives the represented result of a given consummated process, instead of being drawn into the process as it occurs." This process of arranging images and feelings is "montage" wherever it occurs. In films it is the building of whole events out of separate strips of film. In poetry, acting, painting, it involves the same essential activity, operating of course with different materials.

IN THE course of the discussion Eisenstein seeks to correct the earlier formalistic distortion of the montage principle. "The trouble arose," he writes, "from my having been charmed primarily with that newly revealed feature of film strips—that, no matter how unrelated they might be, and frequently despite themselves, they engendered a 'third something' and became correlated when juxtaposed according to the will of an editor." To counteract this preoccupation with its untypical aspects he redefines montage in terms of its *function* as an instrument for the expression of a theme:

"Representation A and representation B must be so selected from all the possible features within the theme . . . that their juxtaposition—that is, the juxtaposition of *those very elements* and not of alternative ones—shall evoke in the perception and feelings of the spectator the most complete *image of the theme itself.*"

Sergei Eisenstein

("Representation" is a term Eisenstein uses for an aspect, or detail of the theme.)

What is essential here is that the content of the representations and their combination are determined by something basic to both—the thematic need, the function of the unit within the whole. This is a nodal thought; it bespeaks a vigorous search for an organic approach to the problems of montage and film production.

There is, however, one aspect of Eisenstein's definition of montage that needs to be filled out. He uses "juxtaposition" as the defining relationship between scenes in a montage. This concept helped to create some of the early formalist errors, and, unless clarified, could lead to similar errors again. For this conception does not relate the *content* of one shot to the *content* of the next shot. The defining relationship between scenes is just that relation that connects the content of both shots. It is not some magic of vague "juxtaposition" that brings a new image into being when two scenes are spliced together; it is some specific, active interconnection that transforms the two scenes into a new unity. For example, in the film *Native Land* there is a short sequence which creates the feeling of the early civilization of New England having been carved out of the wilderness. The following scenes are part of the sequence:

(a) Move up straight trunk of rugged pine, close.

(b) Move up classic white New England column, close.

(c) Move further up pine.

(d) Move further up column to capital.

The feeling created by this montage is not due to the fact that (a) is placed next to or "juxtaposed" to (b), (b) to (c), and (c) to (d). The feeling is created specifically by the *continuous flow upwards* from tree to column to tree to column. The essential and defining relationship of this montage is the movement relation which causes the eye to flow up tree and column as if they were one object. It is this relation that connects the previously unrelated content of both shots and transforms them into the integrated image.

In a like manner other kinds of movement, as well as rhythm, growth, direction, shape, volume displacement, expectancy, surprise, and so forth may all define the interconnecting relationships between scenes. Elements such as these are the tissue of montage structure.

WHEN "juxtaposition" is taken as the defining relationship there is a natural tendency to consider the shot as a single thing, a monolith. Already then a large part of the content of the scene is being overlooked. For a shot, although a unit, is not a single thing. It generally has many internal elements, and its many potentials of meaning in montage derive from this fact. Editing involves a continual choice as to which elements of the scene are to be the dominant ones. A scene in which a small flag waves far in the background may be edited in such a way, by relating certain elements, that the tiny flag is most important. Or it may be edited in such a way by relating other elements that you would not see the movement of the flag at all. It is necessary therefore, in order to steer further away from the possibilities of formalism, to indicate clearly the active connecting elements in the montage relationship, and not to ascribe the emergence of new meaning to the result of a vague miracle of passive juxtaposition.

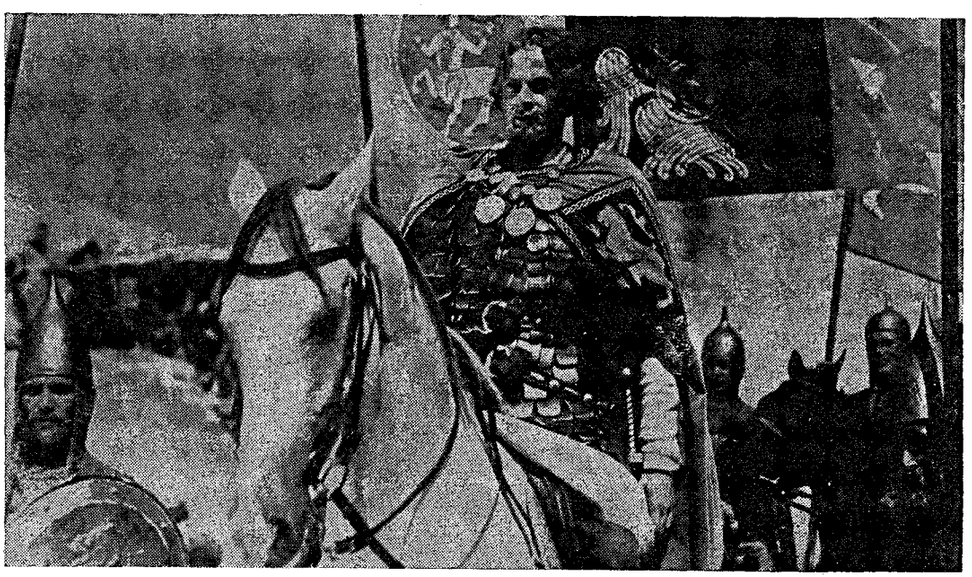
Some may wonder why at this crisis of history Eisenstein should be publishing a technical and theoretical work on the esthetics of motion pictures. To this question Eisenstein supplies a fitting answer in his introduction:

"The magnificent resistance to fascism of the brave men and women proceeds under the banner of rescued human culture, preserving it for that time when the earth has been swept clean of the fascist debauch. That is why, in building weapons to destroy the enemy, one must not halt creative work and theoretical analysis. They are factors in that struggle."

Montage is an important factor in our struggle. Now that the propaganda film, the fact film, the anti-fascist film are being called for and produced in great numbers, now that the film is moving somewhat off its base of Hollywood fantasy and beginning to interconnect with our lives, a development in film technique and film theory is essential and inevitable. The demand of the war is for films that dramatize the actual events and people of today, that instruct, inform, persuade and move to heroic deeds. These demands require forms and techniques which film-makers have paid little attention to. The art of montage, the cutter's craft, must be revived, stimulated, and developed. For this reason *The Film Sense* is of special interest now. We have learned from the Russians what it means to fight the fascists with the full power of human resources. We can also learn much from them on how to use films in this struggle to intensify our capacity to fight.

In addition to the four essays mentioned, *The Film Sense,* edited and translated by Jay Leyda, contains in appendices passages from several of Eisenstein's scripts, a listing of all his films, and a bibliography of his writings.

HOWARD FISHER.



A scene from Eisenstein's great film "Alexander Nevsky."

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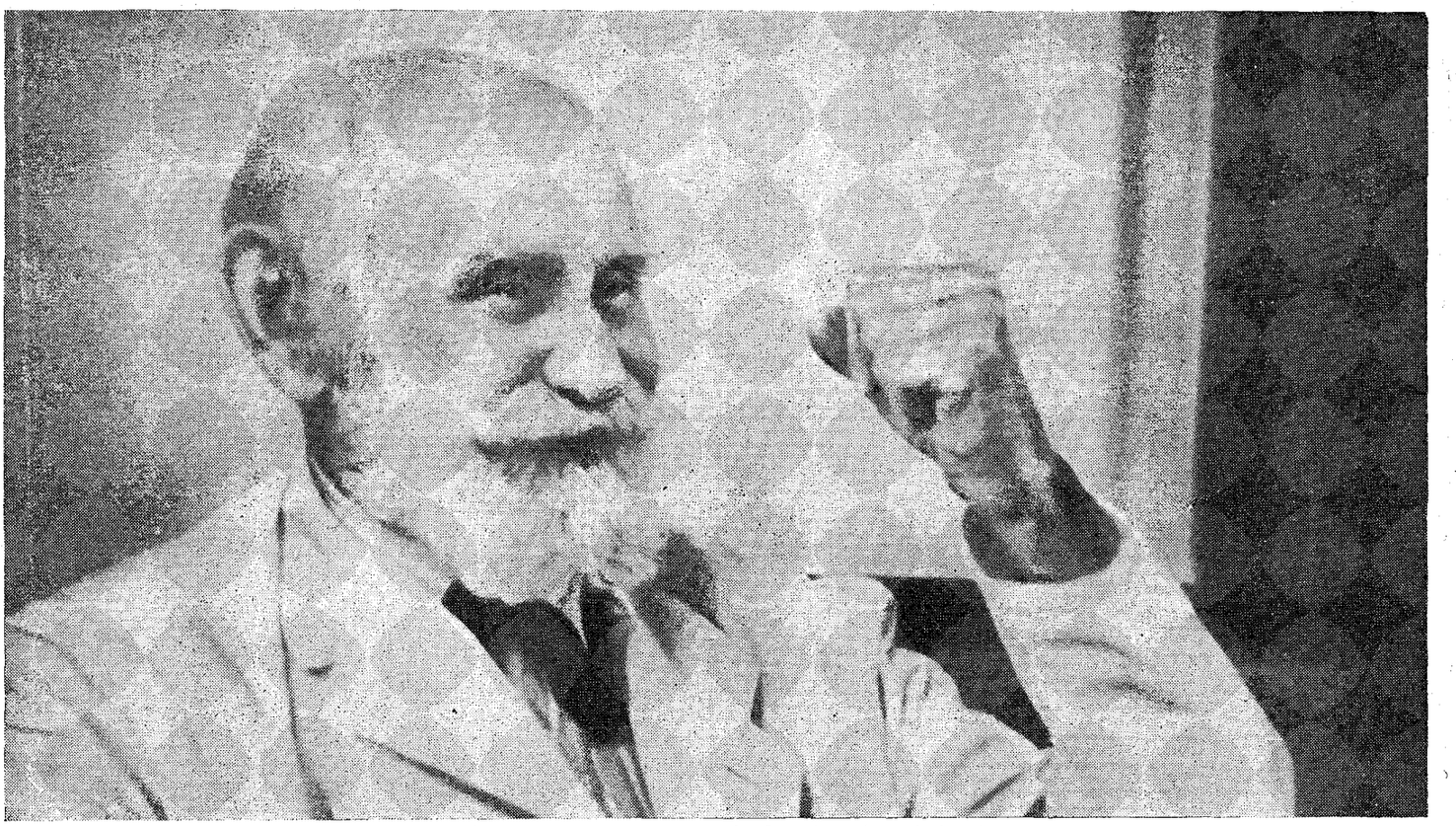

Ivan Pavlov, who came to appreciate the Soviet's mighty role in science.

"SCIENCE IN MY FATHERLAND. . . ."

"How exceptionally favorable is the position of science in my fatherland," said Ivan Pavlov, genius of physiological research. Why the Soviet people commemorated his birthday recently. An estimate of his work by Maj. Ruscoe Clarke, of the British Medical Corps.

DURING 1941 there appeared, for the first time in English, volume two of Pavlov's *Lectures on Conditioned Reflexes.* This new volume deals with the application of Pavlov's experimental methods to the study of psychiatry. It comprises essentially an account of the work carried out by Pavlov and his associates during the period from 1928 to his death in 1936. It is of considerable general significance and is remarkable inasmuch as it represents a whole new phase of his work, begun when he had already reached the age of seventy-nine.

The first volume, originally published in English in 1928, has been reissued. The two volumes together constitute a complete record of the development of his work on conditioned reflexes. They enable us to review in perspective the chief contribution to medical science of this master of physiological research. The latter volume in particular deserves the careful attention of all who may be interested in physiology, psychology, sociology, medicine, art, philosophy, or politics. It contains a complete answer to the suggestion that the work of Pavlov had only a limited and temporary significance.

The name of Pavlov is known and honored throughout the length and breadth of the Soviet Union today. Is this simply because of his acknowledged position in the world of international physiology? Is it chiefly because he was Russian? Does it depend upon the completeness of his eventual conversion to support of the new Soviet regime?

It had seemed to many who were unaware of the implications contained in his conclusions that there was a certain naivete about this widespread enthusiasm. A similar attitude of superiority prevailed with regard to the general affection evidenced for the Soviet political leaders. It took the realities of the Nazi attack, the courage of the scorched earth policy, the confidence of the defense of Leningrad and Moscow—the whole brilliant generalship evident in the present campaign—to prove that Stalin's popularity was based on understanding of his worth. Similarly it is only by a study of Pavlov's work that it is possible to understand why his name should be held in such high esteem.

PAVLOV is appreciated in the Soviet Union for what he was and for what he accomplished. It did not need his support for the government to get him full recognition as a scientific figure, any more than it needed the Anglo-Soviet alliance to popularize Shakespeare. The appreciation of Pavlov is based on a correct assessment of his contribution to science. It is worth while trying to find out exactly what that contribution comprised and why it should be praised so highly by the new Soviet state.

In this same context it is of interest to evaluate the influence of socialist environment upon Pavlov. The facts are comparatively simple. He was no politician. He had little use for the czarist regime but was never associated with any movement of political opposition. His early criticism of the Bolsheviks was more vocal, but never organized. He continued to work in his laboratory throughout the years of political turmoil, remaining loyal to his native country rather than to any government or party.

He was nevertheless for many years after the 1917 Revolution a violent opponent of the Soviet government, in spite of the fact that from the very beginning every attempt was made to provide him with facilities for carrying on his work. Up to a point he retained an essentially liberal outlook. His early training and work were completed during a temporary period of scientific and cultural revival, later to be strangled as Russia, still under the czar, became once again a police state. It says something for his personal integrity that he did not come round to support for the Soviet regime as a result of what they

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did for him so much as through his appreciation of their attitude to science and their role as scientists. His recognition of the latter is indeed a tribute.

In 1935 Pavlov paid tribute to the revolutionary architects of the Soviet Union in his speech delivered at the Kremlin to the assembled delegates of the fifteenth International Physiological Congress:

> How exceptionally favorable is the position of science in my fatherland! I want to give only one example to illustrate the relations which arose in our country between the government and science. We, the leaders of scientific institutions, are really alarmed and uneasy over the question whether or not we are in a position to justify all those means which the government places at our disposal. As you know, I am an experimenter from head to foot. My whole life consisted of experiments. Our government is also an experimenter, only on an incomparably higher plane. I passionately desire to live in order to see the victorious completion of this historical social experiment.

Pavlov's own early struggles closely paralleled those of the wider social experimenters. He is well able to appreciate the importance of the living proof of the correctness of their methods. It is clear from the nature of his change in outlook that the influence of his environment was by no means negligible. His own natural confidence in the future of humanity is reenforced by the inspiration derived from the developments which surrounded him. The change did not, however, affect the general direction of his work, for that direction is crystal clear in his own early accounts and remained constant through thirty-three years' experimental work in the sphere of the conditioned reflexes. His constant purpose was the study of mental processes, the functions of the higher parts of the brain, in animals and man, by objective scientific methods. He retained that objectivity throughout. There can be no doubt that environmental factors helped him to retain his full mental and physical activity right up to the last—into his eighty-seventh year. Few men have continued their work at such a consistent level for so many years. Yet his own personal triumphs are not so much a product of the new regime as part of the general upward surge of progress of which that regime itself is but a part.

THERE is a much wider sphere for discussion of the relation of Pavlov's work and conclusions to the philosophic concepts upon which the Soviet state was built. The question is often put: "Was he a 'dialectical materialist'?" He certainly made no claim to be. What is more to the point is not, however, what he said he was, or thought he was, or can now be labeled, but what stand he took in his scientific writings with regard to the fundamental philosophic problems arising automatically from the very nature of the subject upon which he was working.

He was accused by Sherrington, the British neurophysiologist, of being "too materialistic." The accusation is understandable from the author of *Man and His Nature,* wherein Sherrington seems to deplore continually the materialist implications of his own work, harping back ever and anon to a former state of ignorance where there was room for conceptions whose departure he regrets. Pavlov is certainly consistently materialist in that he thinks in terms of a single reality existing outside ourselves, including ourselves, and increasingly knowable by us. Very early in his life he expressed emphatic denials of the possibility of any dualist outlook:

> We are now coming to think of the mind, the soul, and matter as all one, and with this view there will be no necessity for a choice between them.

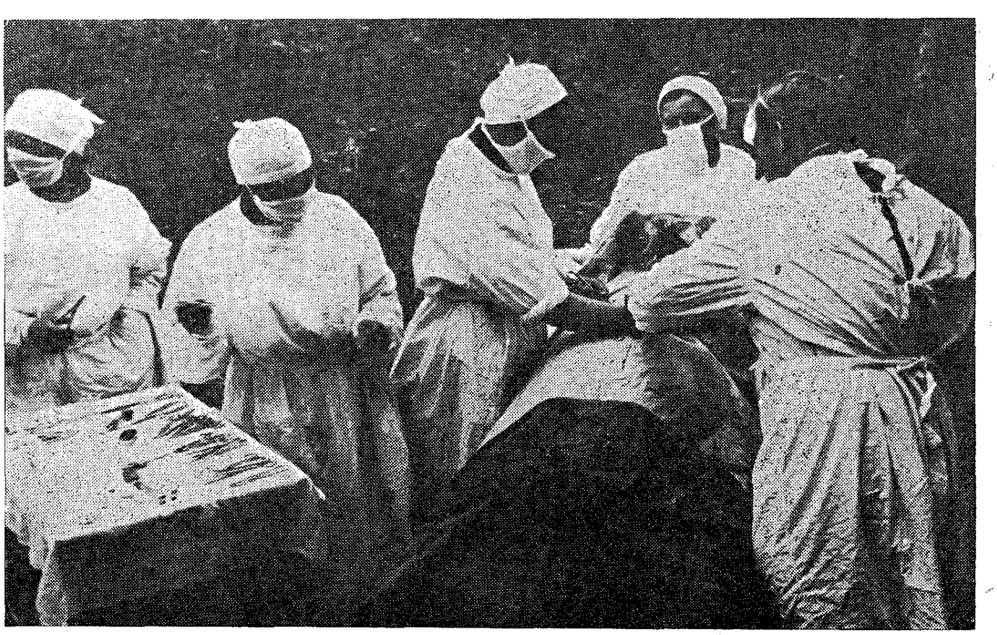
Equally clearly he manages to steer a path between the apparently conflicting fallacies of mechanism and vitalism:

> The words adaptation and fitness . . . continue to connote a certain subjectiveness which leads to misunderstanding in two opposite directions. The strict adherents of the physico-mechanical school see in these words an anti-scientific tendency—a retreat from pure objectiveness to speculation and teleology. On the other hand, the philosophically inclined biologists consider every fact which concerns adaptation as proof of the existence of a vital force.

This understanding is not moreover a mere juggling with words. He is fully aware of the critical condition of current biological philosophical thought. The whole of his work involved the objective study of apparently subjective phenomena and an attempt to bridge the gap between mind and matter without compromise and without evasion. Within the scientific sphere, and to a large extent ignoring the general world crisis underlying the scientific impasse, he continued to struggle onwards, avoiding most of the pitfalls that ensnared Freud and the majority of the psychologists working on essentially the same problems from the other end. Further, Pavlov sees clearly the importance of recognizing the influence of the investigator upon the objects of investigation:

> One can truly say that the irresistible progress of natural science since the time of Galileo has made its first halt before the study of the higher parts of the brain, the organ of the most complicated relations of the animal to the external world. And it seems, and not without reason, that now is the really critical moment for natural science; for the brain, in its highest complexity—the human brain—which created and creates natural science, itself becomes the object of this science.

Here is the courage of a man who is not afraid to carry his deductions through to their logical conclusions. The whole of nature, including man, is the sphere of science. He is no mere mechanist. There are for him no "secondary qualities" beyond the scope of investigation. The brain is the organ of thought—



Science at war. (Left) Vera Bolshava, Red Army military surgeon. (Right) First aid at the front.

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conscious and unconscious if you like. A living brain in a living material organism.

HIS own conclusions about the stage reached by orthodox philosophy bear a remarkable resemblance to those reached by Marx and Engels, with little evidence of conscious recognition of their work at the time he wrote:

> The philosopher, himself personifying the highest human aspiration to synthesize, though up to the present time this synthesis has been fantastic, striving to give an answer to everything that concerns man, must now create *the whole* from the objective *and* the subjective. [my italics—R. C.] For the naturalist everything is in the method, in the chance of attaining a steadfast lasting truth, and *solely from this point of view (obligatory for him)* is the soul, as a naturalistic principle, not only unnecessary for him, but even injurious to his work, vainly limiting his courage and the depth of his analysis.

With Marx and Engels he recognizes the need to turn idealist philosophy upside down and stand it on its feet. He sees the fantasy as an important reflection of reality rather than a super-reality outside the world of fact in which we live and work.

His accounts of the functioning of the brain, based on his own experiments, contain more than mere consistency. These experiments, laboriously designed, elaborated, and carried through, have been used by him to analyze individual reflexes' responses to concomitant and related stimuli whose complexity parallels the multiple diverse influences of human life. He concludes, for example, an account of his ideas upon the *Physiology of Higher Nervous Activity,* written in 1930, as follows:

> To us it is clear that the cerebral hemispheres present a functional mosaic of separate parts each having a definite physiological action, positive or inhibitory. These elements are joined at any given moment in this system where all of the elements are in a reciprocal relation with each other. These are the simplest facts of our experiments. You form a number of conditioned reflexes from different-conditioned stimuli, applying them in fixed order separated by equal intervals, and you obtain a definite effect. The order or the interval may produce other effects. To what extent the elaborated system plays a role in the work of the cerebral hemispheres is seen in our dogs by the case in which an alteration of the system abolishes the conditioned reflexes. Thus from the standpoint of the physiologist the cortex of the cerebral hemispheres simultaneously and constantly does both analyzing and synthesizing work, and any dividing of these functions, or giving preference to one of them instead of both, will not succeed in representing the action of the cerebral hemispheres.

This conception of the functioning of the brain as a result of the interplay of excitation and inhibition emerges clearly from the work of Sherrington and his school. Pavlov's work adds a dynamic element and so paints a picture of cerebral activity which is recognizably nearer life. In doing so he heaps up evidence proving the necessity of adopting a dialectical approach to natural science. No wonder that Lenin, the author of *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism,* was personally concerned with ensuring for Pavlov the best possible conditions to enable him to carry forward his work.

Another Marxist conception appears in Pavlov's writings as a direct deduction from his experimental work—the conception of Freedom as the realization of Necessity:

> The chief, strongest, and ever present impression received from the study of the higher nervous activity by our method is the extreme plasticity of this activity, its immense possibilities: nothing remains stationary, unyielding; and everything could always be attained, all could be changed for the better, were only the appropriate conditions realized.

Pavlov's work is a continuous striving toward a living dialectical understanding of the function of the brain. Always he evades discussions that would become sterile from dependence upon mere words. Confronted with difficulties, he turns to further experiment for an answer. His theory and practice constantly interact upon each other. He loved physical work and understood its role as the vital basis for man's mental activities. His own endurance, speed, and accuracy played a great part in the surmounting of innumerable problems in the laboratory. His technical skill laid the foundation for the fertility of his experimental methods. His conception of what constituted proof is remarkably akin to that of Lenin in *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism:*

> The best proof that our investigation of the higher nervous activity proceeds along the true path, that we accurately describe the phenomena, and that we correctly describe their mechanisms, is that we can now in many cases functionally produce with exactness the chronic pathological condition and then at our choice restore it to normal. We know by what methods and which type of animals we can make neurotic and their treatment.

It is of interest that only in the Soviet Union, so far as I am aware, has the experimental method been successfully extended to the production of neurosis in man. A known psychological trauma has been introduced under hypnosis and its presence subsequently verified by various accepted psychological methods of examination.

Pavlov himself displays great caution in the transference of the results of his experimental work from animals to man. His analogies are worked out very carefully. He goes to great lengths to explain not only the similarities between experimental symptomatology and "naturally occurring" pathological states, but also the differences and their possible explanations.

IN VIEW of this clear relationship between his conclusions and the official Soviet philosophy, it may be a source of surprise that he remained for so long an avowed opponent of the new regime. We must attribute this to some extent to his isolation in the laboratory and his concentration upon a single type of experimental approach to the problems tackled. He never really found time to study the other aspects of life without which a theoretical understanding of the work of the Bolsheviks was impossible. His deductions may be dialectical and materialist, but he has clearly never studied dialectical materialism. He shows no evidence of any understanding of historical materialism, without which he could not understand Soviet philosophy as a whole. No doubt if he had studied economics, history, and politics with the same fervor and intensity which he concentrated upon the study of the higher nervous activity in animals his views would have been significant. Perhaps he would not have carried his own particular work so far. At least he always attempted to speak only from knowledge based upon observation and experiment. The limitations to the assimilation of the philosophical influences with which he was surrounded during his later years can in no way be allowed to detract from the importance of his work not only for Marxists but for scientists everywhere.

WHAT then did that achievement consist in? Here we can give only a brief sketch. The reader who has reached thus far must read Pavlov's writings for himself if he is to assess the value of his work. Some idea of the approach can be indicated in his own words:

> At the present time, on the basis of nearly thirty years of experimentation done by myself with my numerous co-workers, I feel justified in asserting that the total external as well as internal activity of a higher animal, such as the dog, can be studied with complete success from a purely physiological angle. . . .
>
> The activity of the nervous system is directed, on the one hand, towards unification, integrating the work of all parts of the organism, and on the other, towards connecting the organism with the surrounding milieu, towards an equilibrium between the system of the organism and the external conditions. The former decision of nervous activity may be called *lower* nervous activity in contradistinction to the latter part, which because of its complexity and delicacy may justly take the name of *higher* nervous activity, usually called animal or human behavior.
>
> The chief manifestation of higher animal behavior, *i.e.* its visible reaction to the outside world, is motion—a result of its skeleto-muscular activity accompanied to some extent by secretion due to the activity of glandular tissues. The skeleto-muscular movement, beginning on the lower level with the activity of separate muscles and of small groups of muscles on the upper, reaches a higher integration in the form of locomotor acts, in the equilibration of a number of separate parts, or of the whole organism in motion.
>
> Moreover the organism, in its surrounding milieu, with all its objects and influences, performs special movements in accordance with the preservation of the organism and its species. These constitute reactions to defense, food, sex, and other motor and partly secretory reactions. These special acts of motion and secretion are performed, on the one hand, with a complete synthesis of the internal activity of the organism, *i.e.* with a corresponding activity of internal organs for the realization of a given external motor activity; on the other hand, they are excited in a stereotyped way by definite and not numerous external and internal stimuli. We call these acts *unconditioned,* special and complex *reflexes.*

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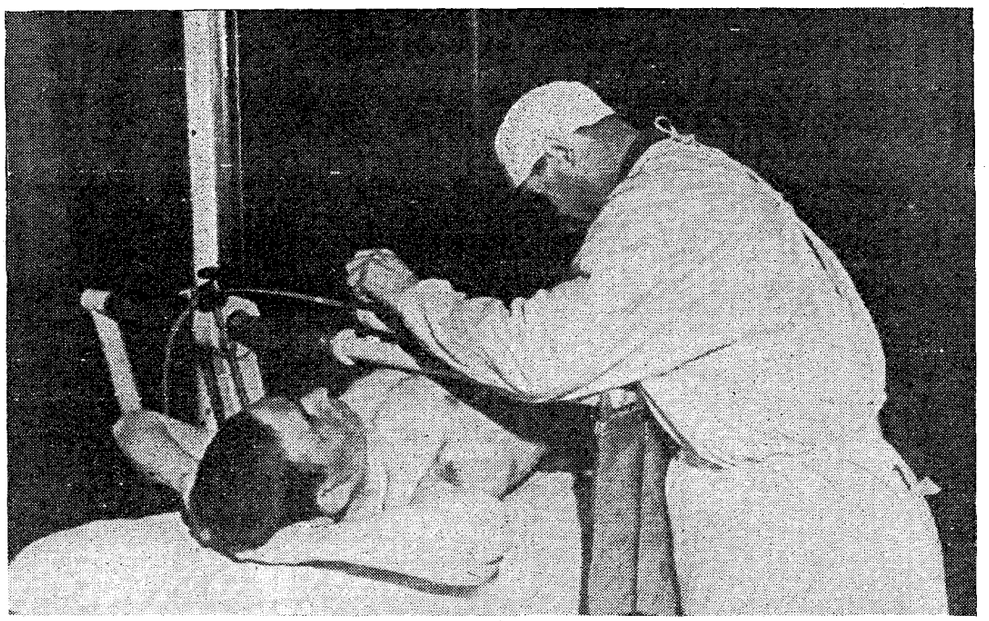

Research applied. (Left) Soviet scientists confer over developments in X-ray. (Right) X-ray helps find metal splinter in wounded Red Army man at frontline field hospital.

But this is only a small part of the story. In addition to these more or less fixed primitive types of reactions, the higher animals exhibit an increasing capacity for adaptation to new situations. All kinds of apparently extraneous influences are brought to bear, and from this complexity of sensory appreciation derived from the external world the living animal is able to make a more or less suitable motor response. How does this take place? After discussion of the simpler reflexes observed in animals whose cerebral cortexes are not functioning Pavlov continues:

In an animal with intact cerebral hemispheres the matter is entirely different. A mass of external stimuli may definitely provoke a food reaction, and direct the animal to food with precision. How does this take place? Obviously the phenomena of nature serve as food signals. And this can be proved very easily. Let us take any natural phenomenon that has had any relation either to food motion or to food secretion. If this phenomenon precedes the act of eating, once or several times, it will later on provoke a food reaction; it will become, so to speak, a surrogate for food—the animal moves towards it and may even take it into its mouth, if the object is tangible. Therefore, when the subcortical center of the food reflex is excited, all other stimuli reaching simultaneously the finest receptors of the hemispheres seem to be aimed towards that center, directly or indirectly, and with it may become firmly connected all stimuli falling at that moment on the most delicate receptors of the cerebral hemispheres. Then takes place what we have called a *conditioned reflex*—*i.e.* the organism responds with a definite complex activity to an external excitation to which it did not respond previously.

This conditioned type of response became then the starting point for the investigations of Pavlov and his school:

The conditioned reflex may serve as an excellent object for the study of the nature of individual cortical cells as well as of the processes taking place in the whole cortical cellular mass, since the excitation of the cerebral cortical cells serves as an initial stimulus for the conditioned reflex. This study made us acquainted with a considerable number of laws concerning the activity of the cerebral hemispheres.

If in conditioned food responses we should start consistently from a food stimulus of a definite strength (eighteen to twenty-two hours after the usual satisfying feeding), the fact of a definite relationship between the effect of the conditioned stimulus and the physical strength of that stimulus becomes clear. The stronger the conditioned stimulus, the greater the energy simultaneously entering the hemispheres, the stronger is the effect of the conditioned response, other things being equal, *i.e.* the more energetic is the motor food reaction, and the more abundant the flow of saliva which we customarily utilize in measuring the effect. As one may judge from certain experiments, this relationship between the effect and the intensity of the stimulus must be quite exact (the law of the relationship between the magnitude of the effect and the strength of the stimulation). There is always however a limit beyond which a stronger stimulus does not increase but tends to diminish the effect.

Likewise in the summation of conditioned reflexes we again meet with the same limits. In combining a number of weak-conditioned stimuli one may often observe their arithmetical sum. In combining a weak stimulus with a strong one, one observes a certain increase in the resulting effect, within a certain limit; whereas in combining two strong stimuli the effect, passing this limit, becomes less than that of each of the components (the law of the summation of conditioned reflexes).

Besides the process of stimulation, the same external conditioned stimulus creates in cortical cells an opposite process—a process of inhibition. If a conditioned positive stimulus, *i.e.* producing a corresponding conditioned reaction, is continued alone for a certain length of time (minutes), without being accompanied any longer by its unconditioned stimulus, then the cortical cell corresponding to this stimulus necessarily passes into a state of inhibition. And this stimulus, as soon as it is systematically applied alone, conditions in the cortex not a process of stimulation but a process of inhibition; it becomes a conditioned inhibitory stimulus (the law of the transition of the cortical cells into a state of inhibition).

The importance of limiting levels appears repeatedly throughout this work. Quantitative changes in the stimuli produce at critical levels qualitatively new effects. Excitation is transformed into its opposite inhibition, and this interplay is seen as part of the normal mechanism by means of which the higher mental processes are built up.

And this is but the beginning. Basing further deductions on new, carefully planned, experimental work, the complex is explained in terms of the simple with recognition at each stage of the new elements introduced into the analysis. The perspective is limitless yet with a firm basis upon solid grounds:

Now before the physiology of this neural level lies a vast horizon, with questions jutting out, absolutely definite problems for further experimentation, in place of very nearly a blind alley, in which this physiology unquestionably found itself a few decades back. And all this thanks to the use of experiments made upon this part of the brain under the concept of reflexes.

At the level of analysis already reached Pavlov is able to present a clear picture of the physiological basis of variegated patterns of mental derangement. The underlying primary factor is this same conflict between excitatory and inhibitory stimuli. Whereas within certain limits of constitution and previous conditioning a given animal (or man) is able to integrate such conflicting factors into more or less efficient activity, there are limits beyond which there appear evidences of pathological disturbance of the functioning of the cerebral cortex.

In this way Pavlov is able to build up a working pattern for various pathological conditions known to clinical medicine, including hysteria, neurosis, melancholia, paranoia, schizophrenia, etc. He relates these conditions to sleep and hypnosis, both the latter being examples of diffused cerebral inhibition. His theories are a direct challenge to those psychologists who think they can explain the functioning of mind solely in terms of the

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results of subjective analysis. The contrast to Freud is striking and persistent. Freud started out equally boldly to achieve a scientific analysis of psychological dysfunction. He failed primarily because he could never get outside the philosophical and psychological environment in which he had himself been conditioned. He had the courage to insist on putting forward the disturbing facts observed by him but never succeeded in mastering the true interrelation between subjective and objective present in his own relation to his work. He became obsessed with the subjective and rapidly relapsed into the pure idealist fantasy. Pavlov, rejecting all subjectivity, comes much nearer to giving us an account of the organ whose functioning is responsible for all the "subjective." Only rarely does he allow himself the luxury of attempting to imagine how the "object" of his examination would describe the subjective "feelings" which alone constitute the data scrutinized by certain schools of psychology. And then there creeps in a gently satirical note, which expresses his fundamental antagonism to those would-be scientists:

One can conceive in all likelihood that if these dogs which have become ill could look back, and tell what they had experienced on that occasion, they would not add a single thing to that which we would conjecture about their condition. All would declare that on every one of the occasions mentioned they were put through a difficult test, a hard situation. Some would report that they felt frequently unable to refrain from doing that which was forbidden and then they felt punished for doing it in one way or another, while others would say that they were totally or just passively unable to do what they usually had to do.

Pavlov is convinced that he has laid the foundation for the solution of the problem of cerebral functioning in health and in disease:

I am convinced that an important stage of human thought will have been reached when the physiological and the psychological, the objective and the subjective, are actively united, when the tormenting conflicts and contradictions between my consciousness and my body will have been functionally solved or discarded. Actually when the objective study of the higher animal, *i.e.* the dog, reaches that stage—and this is being accomplished—in which the physiologists have an exact foreknowledge under all conditions of the behavior of the animal, then what will remain of the independent separate existence of the subjective state, which of course is to the animal as ours is to us?

This then is the peak of Pavlov's achievement; that he has brought within view the possiblity of a scientific study to the functioning of the human mind. He is under no illusions that his own techniques would provide a complete answer. He mentions specifically many of the factors largely ignored by him whose further investigation must become part of the composite attainment. These include, for instance, the full study of the physico-chemical processes involved in the functioning of nervous tissues, including the important influence of the endocrine glands.

He is fully aware of the limitations of his own clinical appreciation conditioned by his late return to study of clinical psychiatry in the clinic and at the bedside.

He stresses the importance of correlating his work with the recent advances in our understanding of the anatomical nerve patterns in the brain, elaborated in particular by Ramon Cajal, the science of cyto-architectonics:

Has not the cyto-architectonics of the cortex of the hemispheres, though readily scrutinized, been shown only recently to be extremely complex and diverse? And has not all this manifold variety in the organization of the different parts of the cortex been hitherto without dynamic feeling?

Such dynamic feeling will be achieved when all the objective approaches are correlated. It will certainly not be reached within the confines of any one type of approach, however erudite.

PAVLOV has given us then a method whereby the study of mind can be built up from physiology. The approach leads directly to the study of education of children and adults under various conditions—mass experiments in conditioning. It has direct application to the rehabilitation of criminals. It has wide sociological ramifications and interconnections. Furthermore the work has not ended with the death of Pavlov himself. It is indeed difficult to write of his work in the past tense, so much does it seem to be alive.

He has left behind a brilliant school of workers able to make use of the experimental methods which he left in their hands. The work of the maestro is being carried forward in varying directions by men of the calibre of Orbeli, Speransky, and many others. They are no mere disciples. They have widened the scope of experiment and study. They have taken in the whole sphere of disease in order to investigate its relation to the function of the cerebral cortex. If the experimental basis for their work stands up to the test of controlled repetition they will revolutionize most of our concepts of pathology in directions undreamed of by their teacher.

Nevertheless, the primary credit belongs to the pioneer, for it is no accident that this work is being done by his pupils and associates. Pavlov was no individualist. Bold and at times obstinate, he could be humble. He could retreat when he was wrong. He gave others credit where it was due. He studied attentively the technique of cooperation with others and on a number of occasions completely revised the organization of his team of workers.

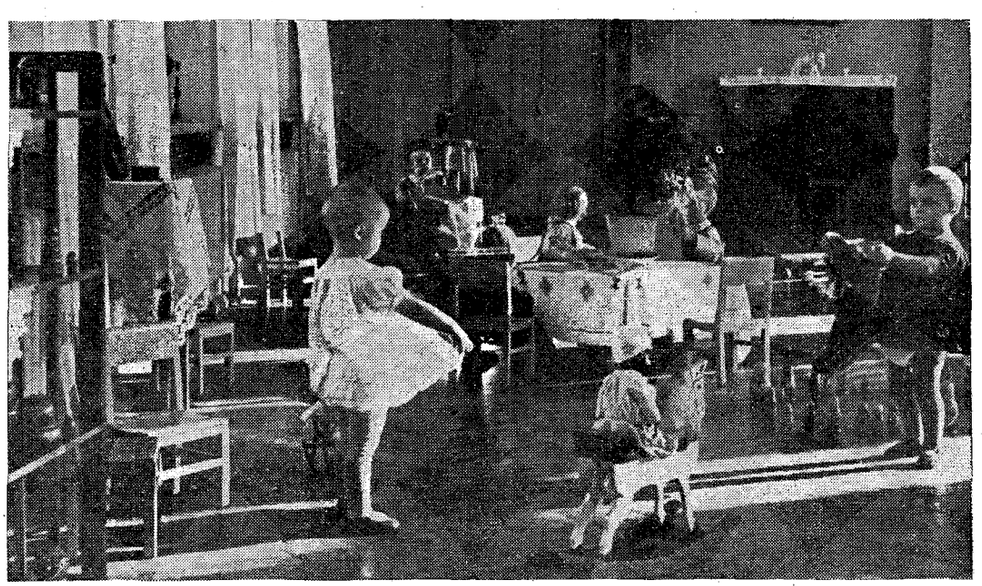
Finally he had a clear understanding of the role of science and of the qualities required of scientists. His principles for scientific workers are incorporated in a letter to the youth written in 1936 shortly before his death. With his usual clarity of language he demands of them three things: *Consistency, Modesty,* and *Passion*:

Remember science requires your whole life. Even if you had two lives it would still not be enough. Science demands of man effort and supreme passion. Be passionate in your work and in your quest. Our fatherland opens broad vistas to scientists, and we must truthfully say science is being generously introduced into the life of our country. Extremely generously.

A long way this from the ideal of the cold, aloof, dispassionate, mere observer—aloof from passion, aloof from politics, from war and peace alike, aloof often from reality—that some would demand of the scientist. Total reality is in Pavlov's view the realm of scientific study, worthy to be studied by the whole living, feeling, thinking, hating, loving, human organism.

The Soviet Union is justly proud of this world-famed leader of science. It must not be left for them alone to carry forward the work initiated by him and to maintain the role of science with his courage, his persistency, his passionate devotion to the cause of progress.

RUSCOE CLARKE.



Scientific care of children. A Soviet nursery in Kirovsk, beyond the Arctic Circle.

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REPORTS FROM THE FRONT

Do the books measure up to the valor of the men? Commandos and the men at sea. . . . And two studies of Latin America. What is happening in Argentina and Brazil?

COMMANDO ATTACK, *by Gordon Holman. Putnam's. $2.50.*

EAST OF FAREWELL, *by Howard Hunt. Knopf. $2.50.*

THE RAFT, *by Robert Trumbull. Henry Holt. $2.50.*

AMONG the minor confusions brought about by the war is the fact that the difference between factual narrative and fiction and between their two techniques is becoming daily less easy to determine. Of these three chronicles of man against his enemies and the sea, only one, *Commando Attack*, is like anything you've ever read before, and it seems unfortunate that the newest type of warfare, combined operations, should be presented by a British journalist who makes the Commando raids sound like a particularly hard fought cricket match.

If you are sufficiently interested, though, to get through all the initials after stout old Sir Somebody Something's name and the author's surprising discovery that Norwegians are really people after all, you know, there are more than enough facts in Mr. Holman's survey. And he emphasizes something that is often forgotten in the "glamourization" of the Commandos: that the success of all Commando raids depends on split-second cooperation between the Commando forces, the air force, and the navy, often out of sight and out of communication with one another, but each carrying out the job laid down by scrupulously painstaking staff work weeks before, even to alternative timetables arranged according to weather conditions. Mr. Holman amplifies and rounds out the newspaper stories on the formation of the Commandos, under Sir Roger Keyes, and of their training, but points out again and again that the object of that training is not to create an inhuman force of tough guys and trigger men, but to bring out the best fighting abilities of the most able men, physically and psychologically, in the British forces.

Mr. Holman was along on the Christmas 1941 raid on the Lofoten Islands and on the St. Nazaire raid, and includes detailed accounts of the Vaagso and Bardia raids of 1941. He describes the landing methods, the air force and navy preparation and support, the methods of attack, the relations with the local population. It's all good fighting stuff that goes on, but it is just there that Mr. Holman becomes most traditional and sounds most like an official regimental history. In spite of that, however, there still emerges the picture of disciplined fighting men that we're lucky and proud to have on our side.

THE fact-or-fiction line begins to waver considerably in *East of Farewell* by Howard Hunt. Ensign Hunt spent nearly a year aboard a destroyer on North Atlantic patrol before an injury sent him ashore last February, and this novel is a realistic account of the way things are aboard a destroyer on convoy duty. It is a fairly simple story: there are six or seven officers on a destroyer, nearing Ireland, with a convoy that has missed its British escort somehow. (Unfortunately nobody below the rank of ensign gets into the story much, except when somebody tries to find out what the "men" are thinking.) Everything is cold; everything is wet; everything rolls and slides; the electric stove is out of commission, so food is what can be heated with steam; the oil is running out; the other destroyers have had to go off to Iceland to refuel and nobody knows what one destroyer can do if the convoy meets a submarine; the officers are beset by the worries, fears, unsuccessful marriages, dreams of peaceful farms, and antagonisms that they brought aboard with them.

But they do meet a submarine, and all the discomforts and the fact that they are where they are have become necessary and understandable: now they can get a shot at the devils. The submarine gets a couple of the merchantmen before the destroyer can stop it, but the destroyer, in a sharp, fast fight in which the bow is torpedoed, gets the submarine. Everyone forgets everything but that, and no matter what kind of heel anyone was before, he does his job and they get the sub.

For me, at least, the book is somewhat weakened and slowed down by Ensign Hunt's Dos-Passosan inserts on the marines at Reykjavik and flashbacks to the officers' early lives, before they got into the Navy or served in World War I or got on active duty in World War II. The one has nothing to do with the story. As for the second, what the officers were usually seems to have little to do with the way they behave aboard ship, even on routine patrol, and the characters are sufficiently well differentiated to make the device technically useless. The important things are the almost physical impact of the cramped, nerve-racking life on a destroyer and the picture of a bunch of guys pulling themselves together and doing the job that's there to do. And those things are there in good measure.

AS FOR *The Raft*, fact or fiction, it's almost incredible. The newspapers, early in 1942, were the first to tell the story: Harold Dixon, Gene Aldrich, and Tony Pastula failed to find their carrier after a bomber patrol flight, came down in the water, lived for thirty-four days on a four-by-eight-foot rubber life raft, and, when they at last came to land, pulled what was left of themselves to

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their feet, so that the Japanese wouldn't see American sailors crawl. Luckily, there were no Japanese, and all three are back on duty today.

Robert Trumbull, a Honolulu newspaper man, got Dixon talking while he was convalescing and set the story down as Dixon told it. The more details Dixon tells, the more incredible the tale becomes. The plane sank so quickly that they did not have time to salvage any equipment and therefore started the voyage with what sounds like the contents of a boy's pocket: stuff like a mirror and a police whistle, a pocket knife, and a pistol (which rusted useless soon after), two pairs of pliers and some patching material for the raft. It was with this, and their determination not to quit, that they managed to rig a sea anchor to hold them back when the wind blew from the wrong quarter, to calculate drift and manage some sort of navigation, to catch fish and birds for food, though not often enough, to catch water during the intermittent rains. That, however, was at the beginning, when they were well off. As the heavy seas swept over the raft in storms (while they kept up their spirits by planning meals at one another's houses), various articles were swept overboard, until, on the thirty-second day, the raft turned over while they were swimming and they lost everything, even the ragged clothes that had somewhat protected them from the sun. The last two days, then, brought complete exhaustion and delirium—but it was after that that they stood erect to walk up the beach.

When Robert Trumbull saw them later in Hawaii, "they looked like any three men of our navy. . . . That was the wonder of the story to me: they *were* just three men who happened to have been assigned to take up a scout bomber from a carrier. . . . But they were men like these." Which is not by any means the least impressive thing that can be said of a flier from California, an Ohio electrician, and a Missouri farm boy, fighting representatives of the Berlin-labeled "soft and degenerate" American people.

SALLY ALFORD.

Argentina and Brazil

BRAZIL UNDER VARGAS, *by Karl Lowenstein. Macmillan. $2.75.*

ARGENTINA, THE LIFE STORY OF A NATION, *by John W. White. Viking. $3.75.*

THERE appears to be a decided improvement of late in the quality of the books we are getting on Latin America. The initial wave of reminiscing tourists and touch-and-go reporters, which followed our renewed political and military interest in our southern neighbors, apparently has subsided. We are now beginning to hear from those who are better qualified by background and training to speak on the subject, and who have put considerably more time and thought into the preparation of their volumes. With the grim and deepening realities of the war all about us,

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our sense of hemisphere responsibility is likewise growing deeper.

The two works listed above are excellent examples of this trend. Here are two key countries of South America, one of which has just become our fighting ally, while the pro-Axis government of the other (the government, not the people) is our bitter enemy. Each of these important countries has long been more or less of a mystery to the average North American. We know that the Argentinians are not supposed to be overly fond of us, and we also know that there is some trouble over beef; but at that point the knowledge of the ordinary citizen probably stops short. As for Brazil, it has been, if anything, even more of a puzzle, by reason of the struggle which has been going on there for a decade and more between the forces of democratic progress and those of reaction, with our State Department often playing a highly equivocal role.

Some time ago Hubert Herring, director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, observed that there was not a single book to his knowledge which "does a job" on Argentina. I do not believe he would say that now, after reading Mr. White's excellent, truly scholarly, painstaking treatise. Mr. White has lived in Latin America for twenty-five years, as consular representative and newspaper man, and he spent four years writing his book. He has really "done a job" on Argentine history and herewith presents the reader with the best account in capsule form that I know of. Necessarily there are omissions of detail, but it is a concise, vividly written, highly useful summary, which serves to paint in the background requisite for an understanding of the land of contradictions that Argentina is today.

Mr. White brings his readers the intimate understanding of a man who has lived long in a country as a sympathetic and cultured individual deeply interested in the life of the people who are his hosts. Indeed, he feels so close to the Argentinians that he sometimes criticizes them with what seems undue severity; but he promptly takes the edge off by discovering that their faults are, after all, very much the same as those that we North Americans exhibit. The basic thesis of his book is the urgent necessity of a better understanding between Argentina and ourselves, and the tremendous potentialities for good in a friendly alliance between these two great nations. He sees the question largely as one of beef—it is, of course, a good deal bigger than that, but the beef may serve as a symbol.

In his political orientation Mr. White is thoroughly democratic and anti-fascist. He paints the Castillo regime for what it is, without mincing any words. He is pretty clearly conscious, even, of the nature of the class struggle in Argentina that lies behind it all. True, there are some errors of formulation in connection with fascism, National Socialism, Communism, the general character and role of political parties in Latin America, etc. But they are minor errors and do not impair the

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validity or the democratic sincerity of the work as a whole.

WHILE Mr. White is a newspaper man by profession (formerly with the New York *Times* in Buenos Aires, now with the *Herald Tribune* in Mexico) Professor Lowenstein holds the chair of political science and jurisprudence at Amherst College. If the reporter displays something of the scholarly immersion of the study, the college professor for his part writes with much of the verve of a trained journalist. The latter went to Brazil on a Guggenheim fellowship, where he spent a couple of years studying the type of government that exists under Vargas. His book attempts to answer the question, just what is the Vargas regime, in political essence and in practical life? Is it an old-fashioned South American "strong man" dictatorship, a fascist dictatorship, a "totalitarian" system, or what? First of all, the author gives us a brief summary of preceding governmental forms, under the empire and the republic. He makes a detailed study of the constitution of the *"Estado Novo"* ("New State"), which he frankly admits is a "tutti frutti" paper constitution, an absolute dead letter in real life. Then he goes on to take up various aspects of the Vargas regime: defense of the state; "public opinion management"; the "dynamics of social life under Vargas"; etc. And finally he endeavors to strike "the balance sheet of the regime."

Professor Lowenstein concludes that the Vargas government represents an "authoritarian" but not a "totalitarian" regime, and consequently is not fascist—because it is not "totalitarian." He feels that it more nearly resembles an older *"regime personnel"* of which French jurists speak.

Throughout his book Professor Lowenstein makes use (with due acknowledgments always) of the researches of the present reviewer, as published in *Science & Society*. He finds that my "one-sided Marxist interpretation" contains "much bias and distortion," and speaks of "the alleged finance capital" as if finance capital were some myth of my own invention. But it seems to me that it is precisely here that his mistake lies. The three-cornered struggle of British, North American, and German finance capital in the 1930's is not once touched upon, and as a result Professor Lowenstein is really unable to explain the origins of the Vargas dictatorship.

More than this: he is ultimately unable to define the true nature of the Vargas regime; whereas he would have been able to do so, had he grasped the distinction which I brought out in my articles between a full-fledged fascism (in an imperialist country), which is thoroughly *gleichgeschaltet*, "coordinated"—"totalitarian," if you will—and the far less stable, necessarily unconsolidated type of fascism which is to be found in a semi-colonial country like Brazil. In other words, all fascisms—all types of fascism—are not "totalitarian" in the sense that every phase of the people's life is completely "coordinated" in all of them.

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But all this sounds, already, like old stuff, water under the bridge. Professor Lowenstein's book, an excellent job on the whole despite its erroneous academic conclusions, was written before Brazil entered the war on the side of the United Nations. Governments no more than individuals are standing still these days, and there is every indication that the Vargas government at this moment, like the Brazilian people themselves, is moving in the right direction, that is, in the direction of an ever increasing degree of democracy and popular control. This study, none the less, was distinctly worth making, for the sake of the historical record. It is a task that will not have to be performed again, and the present volume will remain a valuable source book in the field of juridical studies.

Like the author of *Argentina,* Professor Lowenstein is a thorough democrat and anti-fascist, but he too falls into a number of ideological errors. Otherwise, he tells the truth plainly, as he sees it, without fear or favor. I think he overstresses Vargas' "leniency," and also his popularity with the Brazilian masses—one doubts if a visitor in his shoes was in a position to get a frank opinion even from the middle classes, much less from the real masses. I also miss in this work any mention of the Brazilian Negro and what happened to him under Vargas. But for the vast amount of study and research that has gone into the making of this book, all of us who are interested in Brazil should be duly grateful. SAMUEL PUTNAM.

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Although strongly anti-fascist, the author is still unable to understand the true nature of fascism and its relations to the state. He adheres to his earlier belief (as expressed in *The Vampire Economy*) that the Nazi state, in some strange and nameless way, lords it over big business, and that its interests are contrary to those of big business. Mr. Reimann writes: "The rise of the totalitarian state inevitably resulted in a decline of private world empires," and: "German finance ultimately had to act in accordance with the politics and interests of the Nazi regime. . . ." It would seem that the author thinks private industry has been weakened by the Nazis; but he is forced to admit the very opposite:

"The Nazi state was extremely successful in its dealings with private corporations. The outward forms of private enterprise were retained for German corporations. I.G. Farben, Krupp, and Siemens were allowed to expand abroad, and to construct their own world empires. But they were not on an equal footing with private corporations of the United States or of Great Britain. The German corporations were no longer independent. They were agents of the Third Reich. As such, they were in a far stronger position in relation to foreign enterprises."

But what, one may well ask, does any corporation want, if not to expand abroad and to have government backing to put it in a "far stronger position in relation to foreign enterprises"?

Separating the capitalist Nazi state from the capitalist Weimar republic, as he should, Mr. Reimann glosses over facts which do not accord with his views. Thus, by a careful omission of dates he gives the reader the impression that it was the Nazis who made Siemens & Halske (electrical equipment manufacturers) dally three years over licensing an American firm to produce the light metal beryllium; and that it was the Nazi government which financed a "most wonderful metal working plant at Hanau" and placed it in charge of an ex-staff officer of the German Army. In reality, the three years' procrastination occurred between 1930 and 1933, and the government which subsidized the metallurgical plant was the Weimar republic!

In spite of misstatements and incorrect ideology, the book makes a contribution to the war effort by providing encouragement and ammunition for one of the main political tasks of the day: to expose the appeasement and business-as-usual forces and blast them out of power.

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THE MOON AND SIXPENCE

The anti-social problems of Paul Gauguin, alias Charles Strickland. A film that is almost great. Joy Davidman also reviews "Now, Voyager," the story of a middle class family.

"THE MOON AND SIXPENCE" is probably not a great film. It raises a tremendous problem, but makes no serious attempt to solve it; in fact, the film is a little confused as to just what the problem is. Its narrative technique is far too faithful a copy of the novel, imperfectly translated into camera language. There is a certain lack of imagination, and there is the appalling asininity, no doubt dictated by Mr. Hays, of its printed afterword—a direct contradiction of every point the film itself tries to make. Nevertheless, *The Moon and Sixpence* tells an adult story in adult and honest terms. It tries to make a contribution to our understanding of human life, and if it does not succeed perfectly, it achieves a passionate and rousing eminence above the low level of much that comes from Hollywood.

The picture's limitations are, for the most part, those of the novel on which it is based, and of the novel's author. For Somerset Maugham, while an alert observer and a vivid reporter, never was any great shakes as a thinker. Struck by the wonderful variations of human behavior, he reports them with admiration and misunderstanding. Thus, in making a somewhat romanticized novel out of the life of Paul Gauguin, he portrays a great artist brutally sacrificing every human obligation and decency to his art. The problem, as Mr. Maugham sees it, is to justify the ways of the artist to society. If "Charles Strickland" can only exist as a great painter by violating all the decencies, is Charles Strickland justified in existing? But that, of course, is not the problem at all. With a little more insight, Mr. Maugham would have turned his question around.

And so the apparently individualistic and anti-social problem of Charles Strickland becomes the universal problem of mankind's right to a decent life in the face of a social system which makes decent living very far from simple. Strickland seems completely anti-social and destructive; actually he is rebelling, not against mankind itself, but against the torturing pressure of a society which makes him a miserable stockbroker when he ought to be a happy painter. And to free himself he must reject every obligation of that society, good and bad. He must reject his wife and children, not because there is anything in painting which makes it incompatible with family life, but because society will not let him have a family and paint too. Is it any wonder that, in his passionate self-defense against that society, he smashes everyone who attempts through affection to draw him back into it? Or that he can only find peace and self-realization on a fabulous South Sea Isle?

Strickland's revolt, Gauguin's revolt, can afford only tragic and temporary release; for, like Don Quixote battling the windmills, no man is big enough for the job alone. But in his sentimental and superficial way, Maugham puts Strickland on one scale and the rest of mankind on the other—as if only an infrequent great artist ever rebelled against an unworkable world.

For if Charles Strickland were merely a destructive freak there would be no film; he could not command our sympathy and even our admiration as he does if he were not, in his blundering and ineffectual way, fighting our fight. Charles Strickland—Paul Gauguin—has a right to exist not because he is a great painter but because he is a human being; and Maugham recognizes that right emotionally even while he is puzzling intellectually over his phony "artist-versus-mankind" struggle. Hence *The Moon and Sixpence* is a film of great, if confused, emotional impact. It does not think its social issues through; but at least it starts the audience thinking about them.

The portrait of a man driven by the daemon which George Sanders gives us in his interpretation of Strickland is more than convincing within the limits of the part; *The Moon and Sixpence* is a record of Strickland's behavior, not an analysis of his motives, and Mr. Sanders, though far surpassing any of his previous performances, cannot go further than his author. His Strickland is powerful, passionate, brooding, exciting—but mystifying. Certainly, however, the last is not his fault and the former are to his credit. Steve Geray, a newcomer, is more completely satisfying as Dirk Stroeve, Strickland's chief benefactor and chief victim—it is very hard to make he-who-gets-slapped pitiable without being contemptible, but Mr. Geray achieves it. Albert Basserman is good in a small role. A slavish and unimaginative copying of the book's first-person narration has plopped Herbert Marshall down in the role of narrator; we see Strickland through his eyes and listen to his comments, and it is all quite unnecessary. The film would have gained much in immediacy and compactness by dispensing with him altogether. For the most part, however, its technique is admirable; much is suggested that is never said, much

"Tom Sawyer" filmed in the USSR. The movie, from Mark Twain's novel, was made along the Dneiper River, which resembles the Mississippi. This photo shows "Tom" and a Ukrainian village girl.

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is said boldly where the usual movie would simper forth a bland and meaningless platitude. *The Moon and Sixpence* has so many unusual excellences, in fact, that a poor devil of a reviewer may be excused for weeping with gratitude over it.

ANOTHER real problem is raised in *Now, Voyager,* which studies the most tragic aspect of the disintegration of the middle class family in our time. This is, of course, the perversion of motherhood into a species of spiritual vampirism. The aging woman who has never done any work, and who, in outliving her sexual attractiveness, is left without a purpose in life, is no doubt a pitiable figure; but still more pitiable are the children on whom she vents her frustrations. So numerous are these cases today—everyone's experience includes a dozen—that the term "smother love" has gained wide currency. In *Now, Voyager,* Bette Davis portrays a smothered daughter.

The vital theme of the film is her struggle toward belated maturity and independence. Unfortunately this theme itself gets smothered, first in inaccurate psychology and then in a routine story of love and sacrifice —why it should be healthier to get frustrated by a lover than by a mother is not explained. The mother in the case is represented as an outrageous old harridan against whom a girl of Bette's spirit would have revolted successfully at seventeen, although the really dangerous smotherers subdue their victims not by outspoken nastiness but by a great show of love and helplessness. Anybody can fight a bullying mother; it's the "martyred" mother who does the harm. Then we are asked to believe that a completely crushed neurotic can, in two weeks of sea air and love-making, develop into a self-assured woman of the world. And then Bette turns on the tears and turns off the intelligence. *Now, Voyager,* gets lost in long-drawn out renunciation and heavy music.

It is only fair to say, however, that Bette's love life achieves an interest it does not deserve through the presence of the vital Paul Henreid as the lover. An actor of unusual sincerity, Mr. Henreid is dynamite in an unobtrusive package. JOY DAVIDMAN.

Sensitive, But . . .

Not consequential, says Alvah Bessie of "The Damask Cheek."

JOHN VAN DRUTEN, who once wrote a sensitive (if inconsequential) play about the problems of adolescence in British public schools (*Young Woodley*) has a new play on the boards, *The Damask Cheek.* It is the product of Mr. Van Druten's collaboration with Lloyd Morris, and it examines sensitively (and inconsequentially) the problems of the ugly duckling who loves her man from afar but, like the lady of Viola's story in *Twelfth Night,* ". . . never told her love, But

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et concealment, like a worm i' bud, Feed on her damask cheek."

In order to give plausibility to the tale, the playwrights have set the scene in 1909, in the well appointed home of Mrs. Randall in New York. The ugly duckling is her British niece, Rhoda, and the man she loved from afar (and from anear) was her cousin Jimmy Randall. Why she should have loved him, the Lord (and Mr. Van Druten and his collaborator) only know, for Jimmy was the type who never grows up and spends his time between the champagne bottle and the girls, with brief interludes at his "office" where he theoretically clips the coupons. Besides, the ugly duckling finally told her love, so everything turned out hunky-dory.

The Damask Cheek has a certain antiquarian charm, redolent (and descriptive) of the days when women could consider themselves "compromised" if they so much as went riding, unescorted, in a hansom cab with a man to whom they were not formally engaged. So, like *Life With Father, The Damask Cheek* will bring a tender chuckle and sigh to those who recall the period and can afford—from a safe distance—to laugh at the stuffiness of the *mores*.

But as drama, the play is scarcely compelling or important. Handsomely set and costumed by Raymond Sovey and well directed by Mr. Van Druten, it moves smoothly to its pleasant conclusion, but gives scant scope for acting beyond the limits of competence. Playing a woman much younger than her own age, Flora Robson, an actress with considerable emotional power, projects an imaginative portrait of Rhoda, the ugly duckling. I liked Myron McCormick as Jimmy, Celeste Holm as his slightly "tainted" actress-fiancee, and Margaret Douglass as his mother. All these people deserve a better play.

IF WE get many more things like the play called *Little Darling,* I'd be in favor of calling the theater season off for the duration and going to the movies. For the motion picture industry has at least announced that it is turning its attention to those aspects of the war which must be endlessly elucidated and stressed if we are to win over fascism.

Little Darling was designed to make you forget the war. (I wonder what the guest sailors and soldiers in the audience thought of it.) The central "problem" of this comedy revolves around a daughter who "hated" her father because he was a "model father." So father, to prove to his daughter that he was not what she called "a drip," took to careening around the landscape with daughter's college room-mate.

This was supposed to be funny. Also significant. It merely turned out to be revolting, and the level of the humor might be indicated by quoting a "joke." Father enters the room behind his eighteen-year-old girl friend, telling the Chinese butler, "My bag's in the car." Says another character, looking at the girl friend, "The hell she is."

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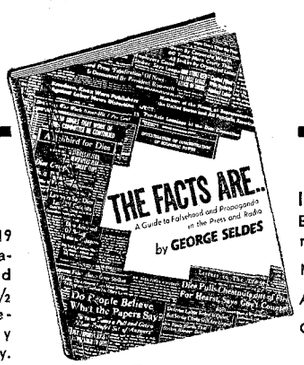

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